

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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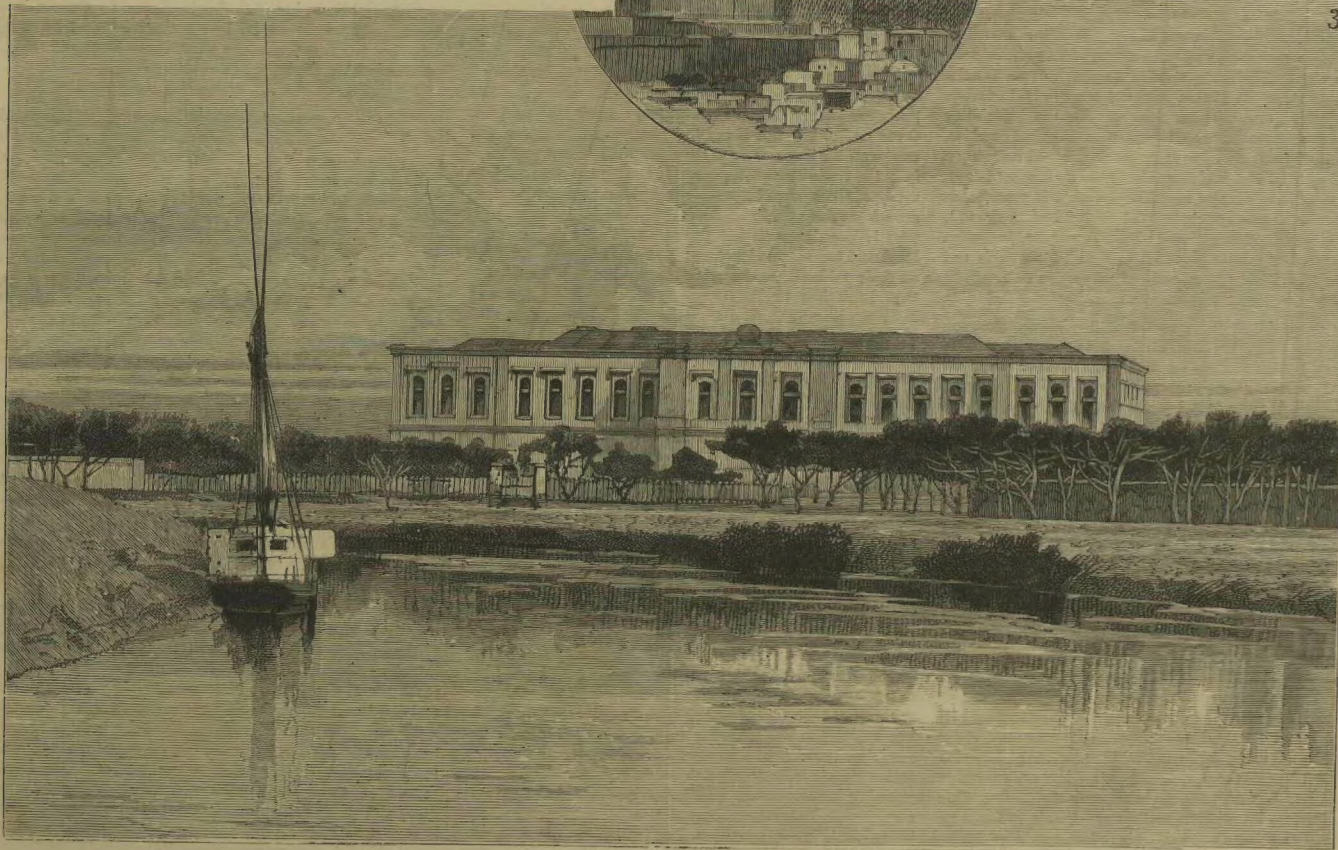
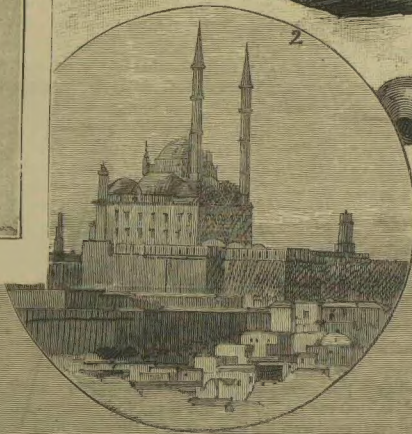
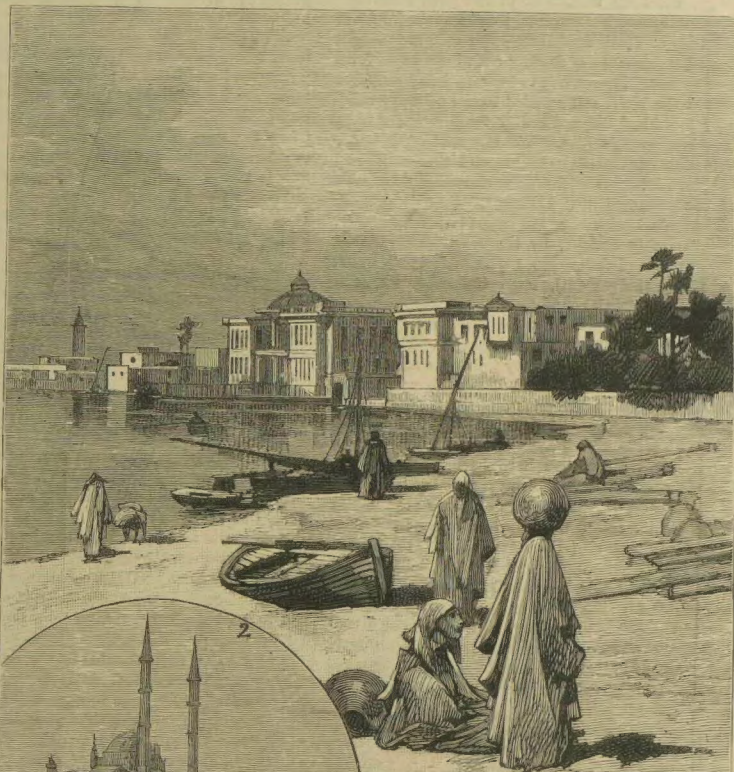
No. 2752.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

TWO (SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS! By Post, 8d.



THE LATE MOHAMMED TEWFIK PASHA, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.



1. Ras-el-Tin, Alexandria.

2. The Citadel at Cairo.

3. Palace at Ismailia.

PALACES OF THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the rare and valuable books in the late Duke of Devonshire's library there are a few of which there are no duplicates anywhere, and, what is still more extraordinary, no one has ever read them. The following are some of them: "Perey Vere," in forty volumes; "Tadpoles, or Tales Out of My Own Head"; "The Life of Zimmermann," by Himself; "Boyle on Steam"; "Voltaire, Volney, Volta," three vols.; "Barrow on the Common Weal"; and "The Recollections of Bannister," by Lord Stair. These curious titles were supplied to the Duke by Thomas Hood for lettering certain sham volumes. It is much easier to give names to sham books than to real ones, as novelists have reason to know. If all the good stories have not been told, most of the good titles have been taken, and there is no means, thanks to the idiocy of the authorities at Stationers' Hall—who only enter books by their authors' names—of finding out whether they have been taken or not. Even when the enterprising publisher who lives on the blackmail exacted for an unhappy coincidence of this kind did not exist, there was always a difficulty in selecting titles. We are told that "The Rambler" was one so little understood that a French journalist translated it "Le Chevalier Errant," and, when it was corrected to "L'Errant," that a foreigner drank Johnson's health by the appellation of "Mr. Vagabond." It is curious, by the way, that Disraeli the elder prophesied failure to "The World" (a much earlier one than the present), upon the ground that it suggested a mere circuit round St. James's Street, which shows that a philosopher is not always a journalist, though a journalist should be always a philosopher. "The Champion of Virtue," the same authority tells us, could find no readers, but as "The Old English Baron" it passed (one may add, in spite of its excessive dulness) through many editions.

The religious tract writers have been, and still are, very ingenious (though not always very reverent) in their choice of titles. Some of the old ones are literally too good to be quoted, but one may be allowed to speak of "The Gun of Penitence" (which "went off" to admiration), "The Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit," and "Some Fine Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the great Swallows of Salvation." Some titles of books have been purposely ambiguous: the Marquis of Carracci called his "La Jouissance de Soi-même": "seduced by the epicurean title of 'Self-enjoyment,' the sale of the work reached to six editions with the libertines, who, however, found nothing in it but very tedious essays on religion and morality." One wonders whether this idea of the Marquis furnished a hint to the author of "Never Too Late to Mend" for a most humorous incident in that fine novel.

A lecturer at the Royal Institution informs us that "muscles while in a state of rest are alkaline, but when active, acid." This would not affect the mussel of commerce in any case, since it is always in a state of rest, but the observation only applies to the human muscle. So far as it goes, the dictum does not seem to be in favour of athleticism, and perhaps accounts for the irritability observable in persons who take violent physical exercise. Great pedestrians are always morose, and will not stop a moment for a comrade who wants to tie up his boot-lace. Of the malice and fury of football-players it is superfluous to speak, and even cricketers at the end of their toil, and when just declared "out" by the umpire, are often extremely cross. It is pleasant to find that this is not "temper" (as we thought) but only muscular acid.

It is strange how little comment has been made upon the elevation of Sir William Thomson to the Peerage. It is almost the first step on the path recommended by Mr. Walter Besant—the ennobling of literature, art, and science—and as regards science it is the first step. There was one scientific lord before, it is true, but he was born so. "Now," as the song of the "Little Nigger Boys" has it, "there are two." It yet remains to give Lord Temnyson a brother peer, though in one sense he can have none. One does not see why "people of that kind" (as they were called by a certain hereditary aristocrat) should not behave themselves in the Upper House as respectably as the Ailesburys and others. Sir William is likely to "make a figure" there, as he has often done elsewhere, and he is used to magnets.

Phrenology has gone out of fashion, but I can remember when it was thought highly of in quite scientific circles; it was even suggested that our heads should be put into moulds in infancy, so that the good bumps should be developed and the bad ones depressed. The authorities were consulted in my own case, with a result that I decline to state. Some of them, it is true, were less unfavourable than others, but these were obviously flatterers. One said—I possess his written testimony—"This is the head of an individual born to benefit his fellow-creatures in the paths of practical science; he will go far as a builder of

bridges. This pleased my family (who thought anything better for me than literature) very much, but I felt that the eulogy was undeserved. I knew that no passenger would "go far" on any bridge that I built. Some people, however, still believe, it seems, in Bumpology. A young man from the country, the other day, who was starting in life with eighty pounds stolen from his employers, consulted a phrenologist as to his character and prospects. The sage assured him that "he had a well-balanced constitution and good mercantile and commercial faculties"; while "his organ of locality adapted him for travel and seeing strange places." He added that "hopefulness would spur him on to success." The youth accordingly travelled up to London, frequented music-halls, lost half his capital at the races, and is now in prison. It was a bad forecast, but not for the phrenologist, who got half-a-guinea for it.

The professional physiognomists, as a rule, are much more successful, especially the female ones, who are always young and good-looking, the appearance of wisdom not being at all necessary for the calling. It is generally combined, to some extent, with chiromancy. The professor takes the disciple's hand that she may investigate his countenance with the greater intentness and solicitude. She is happiest with her older applicants, because the autographs of time and "lines of life" are more easily read upon their features, and also because there is no fool like an old fool.

The deciphering of human character by handwriting is no modern calling. Our forefathers so confidently believed in it that Oldys indicates as characteristic the handwriting of no less than eight of our kings. Nor does it seem to strike him that their writing-master might have had something to do with it. The professors of this art still drive a brisk trade, though it is often marked by want of caution and sheer idleness. No skill whatever is required, but a good literary style (slightly Johnsonian) and a general knowledge of human weaknesses. Faults should be very lightly dealt with, and in a manner to suggest that they have a charm; individuality and force of character should be always attributed, because they are what most people want, and wish to persuade others they possess. Above all things, the professor who would succeed in this calling must have an Ordnance map, which should be consulted before replying to country correspondents. He can rarely resist the temptation of writing duplicate characters (it does save so much time and trouble), and it is most important that these should not be sent to applicants in the same neighbourhood. Addressees are deceptive, for they may be contiguous, even though in different counties. It is very nice to be told that your handwriting exhibits strength of character, vigour of mind, generosity of disposition, and "a number of other things," but not so much so when you discover, by comparing notes, that your cousin in the next county, but also in the next parish, and a notorious duffer, is credited with the same heroic nature.

"Of writing many books," if one may trust to the *Publishers' Circular*, there is still no end, though one may be allowed to doubt whether "weariness of the flesh" has befallen some of their authors by reason of "much study." Of the 896 new works of fiction published within the last twelve months, it is sad to think how much was rubbish. On the other hand, it is not to be concluded that the 520 works on theology were all (to use a term not unknown in "the trade") sweetmeats. If the truth were told, as many of them were brought out without pecuniary assistance from their publishers as of the novels. But a divinity who is popular with his flock can effect a considerable local sale for his productions: he expects to see his book on their tables when he makes his professional call, and that book has to be bought, and cannot be procured from the libraries. The amateur novelist enjoys no such encouragement. His friends advise him not to publish, and are not so inconsistent as to swell his circulation by purchase. He brings his dull story out in spite of them and of "the gods and of the booksellers' shops." "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," saith the preacher, and illustrates it by his own case; but the amateur novelist "goes one more." Until the libraries have the courage to put their feet down and say, "No rubbish to be shot here," nothing will stop him.

It is seldom that laws can affect the follies of social life, but our Post Office authorities have made an effort in that direction. Correspondents are "kittle cattle" to deal with; they will transgress the postal laws if they can and strain their consciences over a halfpenny, and, rather than send a letter to explain why they forward a newspaper, will cause a friend half an hour of fruitless investigation. This last temptation, at least, the Postmaster-General has taken away by permitting them to note outside the wrapper the page within to which they wish to draw attention. No longer is there any excuse for sending a sixty-column newspaper for the sake of a paragraph, which one has to search for as for a needle in a bottle of hay. It was, of course, your idle correspondent who indulged in this hateful vice; anyone who knew the value of time would have cut the thing out if it was worth sending (which in nine cases out of ten it is not) and enclosed it in an envelope. A wretch

to whom this offence was brought home once said to me: "I thought you would have liked to read our paper, at all events" (i.e., whether you found the paragraph or not). So it seems that in some cases sheer egotism is at the root of this evil. The offender really flatters himself that the affairs of his outlandish region have an interest for the world at large.

As with all names capable of being played upon, that of the late Astronomer-Royal was a subject for jokers; on one occasion it was the source of the very best application of a Shakesperian quotation that ever was made. The University of Cambridge made him Plumian Professor of Astronomy, and gave him their observatory to live in, but no salary, which caused it to be said, "They gave to Airy nothing a local habitation and a name." The witicism is attributed to the late Master of Trinity (Thompson) upon the principle that to him that hath more shall be given; but I believe the feather belongs to another cap (or chap). There is no one who—though quite innocently—acquires so much "unearned increment" as the established joker; unlike the poor pillaged poets, though others may have "got the seed," it is he who reaps the harvest.

The question, "Why not jinrikshas in London?" is still exciting interest. Why not, indeed? It is ridiculous to say that a carriage, however fairlike, drawn by man degrades the species, when the very height of human enthusiasm finds an outlet in dragging home newly married couples to their ancestral halls (often contrary to their inclination) or political persons who have been successful at the polls. Moreover, Bath-chair men are not more degraded that I know of than other chairmen. Where we have so many athletes, who now waste themselves in profitless and dangerous pursuits, such as football, in which they often maim themselves for life, or, at the very best, become good "half-backs" (which must be torsos), it should be most cheering to find an opportunity both of making themselves useful and getting paid for it. A good runner (quiet in harness) might make a large income in the shafts of a jinriksha, and might easily outpace our "nursing" omnibuses, and even some railways of our acquaintance. It is said by those who obstruct all innovation that they would be as dear as hansoms, but a good many would surely be gratuitous. What could be a prettier proof of a young man's devotion than that he should take his beloved object out for a drive with himself in the shafts? His "blazer" and his jersey would, of course, be exchanged for his mistress's colours; it would be most picturesque and romantic, and save her a certain shilling a mile, with probable impertinence for not making it eighteenpence. Moreover, if there were parental objections to his wooing, he might soften her cruel father's heart by taking *him* into the city every morning. "This is my jinriksha," the old gentleman would explain to his astonished partners at the office, "and that [pointing to him] is the young fellow who wants my Jennima. He is sound enough in wind and limb, but deficient in capital." On the other hand, if stubbornly resolved to get rid of him, he might for a few mornings give the direction "Highgate Hill," which would probably settle the matter.

A literary gentleman of eminence "just before his death," the other day, a New York paper tells us, thus expressed his views upon the earnings of his profession: "An industrious writer, by a legitimate exercise of his calling—that is, never writing advertisements or trash for the sake of pay—can just exist, no more. By a compromise, not dishonourable but exasperating, he can average during the best years fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds a year. But no man should enter the literary life unless he has a fortune. The best way is to make a fortune first, and write afterwards." This last advice of the expiring sage is excellent, but is not likely to be followed, since no man who has made a fortune by other means has ever distinguished himself in letters; the rest is rubbish, and mischievous rubbish. What literary man, not a tailor's poet, ever does write advertisements? Who has to make an exasperating compromise, and with what, in order to succeed? Of course, if a man's natural bent is to write indecently, he must curb it if he wants decent people to read him; at this he may be amazed, but scarcely exasperated. If the sage did not mean this, what on earth did he mean? No author ever wrote successfully—far less, well—against the grain.

The *Vegetarian*, which often contains interesting information, gives some curious statistics, in illustration of the evils of drunkenness, concerning the overlaying of infants. To the bachelor it seems surprising how a mother can avoid these little catastrophes, but with care and caution a tolerable safety can be assured: only she must never be unconscious that the baby is there. After too much alcoholic liquor she loses consciousness, with the following deplorable results: out of 1000 deaths caused by overlaying, 280 occur on Saturday nights, when dissipation is at its height, 170 on "Saint" Monday, when it is still high, and then a gradually decreasing number, till the fatal Saturday comes round again.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## "HENRY VIII." AT THE LYCEUM.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

"What can a boy of thirteen know about plays and play-acting?" This is the remark with which I am met when I venture on some scattered memories of the great Charles Kean revival of Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street in the year 1855. Well, I grant it, not very much, but still I have theatrical memories of a far earlier date than that. The theatre was my passion ever since I could read; and whenever, as a boy, I could get hold of the daily paper, I first turned to the "clock," and wondered what the plays were like that were described simply by their titles. But surely one who can distinctly recall Madame Vestris in the Planché days of the Lyceum in "The Island of Jewels," in "The King of the Peacocks," and "King Charming"; who was first taken to Old Drury to see James Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff play in "The Lady of Lyons" before a Christmas pantomime called "Kenilworth"; and who was first introduced to "Hamlet" in the memorable reign of Phelps at Sadler's Wells, can remember through this vista of years so far back as 1855! Why, at the age of thirteen I considered myself quite an old player. Luckily, I lived in London, and my father, though a clergyman, had no puritanic feelings against the play. One thing is quite certain, and that is that I can recall Mrs. Charles Kean as Queen Katharine and the celebrated vision better than anything else in the play. Possibly it was because I was of a dreamy and imaginative nature, or it might have been the "angels" or the celestial music; but Queen Katharine's vision is more firmly impressed on my mind than Charles Kean as the Cardinal, or Ryder as Buckingham, or Walter Lacy as the burly King. I can remember the angels in the vision and the soft slow music far better than the colour of Cardinal Wolsey's robe, about which there has been much discussion. In the long after years—if ever they shall come to me—I wonder what I shall remember best in the splendid pageant prepared so sumptuously by Mr. Henry Irving for the players of his time. What are the things that impress me most now, sitting as I am and recalling them some few days after the glamour of the scene has disappeared?

I shall remember, I am very certain, the first appearance of Cardinal Wolsey almost as soon as the play has started. It was a picture of superb colour and magnificent design in action. And there stood Wolsey in all the panoply of state craftily eyeing his enemy Buckingham. It is impossible to efface that picture from the memory. There it must remain. A thousand comparisons rush through the brain. What is this man? Is he Cardinal Richelieu—is he Dante—is he Louis XI.? Who is he and what is he? He does not look to me like the ill-bred man risen to power by pure force of brain and matchless audacity. There is in his face something of the ascetic, something of the fox, but a face of singular refinement, a demeanour of manifest good breeding. I had been poring before over countless pictures of Wolsey. All contained some signs of grossness—not a sensualist, but a lover of the good things of this world. There is nothing gross about Henry Irving's Cardinal. But, whether like the recorded pictures or no, it is a quite possible Wolsey. It is, like everything Henry Irving does, picturesque to a fault. The colour has dazzled, and vanished into the distance; the scarlet cardinal's hat has been borne away on a cushion, but there, swathed in geranium-red over thick rose lace—there, with his brette drawn tightly down, concealing the face and emphasising the pallor of the great Cardinal, stands the man whose pride is to be lowered by a fall inexpressibly piteous. What matters it, after all, if it is the right Cardinal or the wrong Cardinal? We do not know, nor, indeed, does it matter much, so long as it is a Cardinal capable of bringing action and interest and movement to a play singularly destitute of dramatic interest.

I shall remember also—how, indeed, could I forget?—the still more gorgeous scene where the Cardinal gives a banquet richer than any king could set before his guests. Amid all this gaiety, this revelry, this feasting, this eating and drinking, the moody Cardinal sits apart on a king's throne, glorying in the magnificent scene, proud of his power. This is the summit of the man's exalted ambition. How little does he know that the death-knell of all his hopes is sounded! Proud Lord Cardinal, how he would scout the idea if he were told to-night that the long-necked and apparently insignificant Anne Boleyn, sitting at a few tables off, was to be the millstone round his neck, the cause of his grave collapse! Already the masked King is knocking at the door of my proud Lord Cardinal. Already the feasters and mummerys are clamouring for admittance. Come down from your throne, my Lord Cardinal, and bid them welcome! It is to be *Ego et Rex Meus* no more. From this moment your doom is sealed. Once the greedy monarch has touched the palms of the apparently insignificant Anne Boleyn it is all over with the Cardinal. He owned it later on. Fate has worked its way. A new passion has inspired the monarch, and his poor conscience is disturbed about the legality of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon. These thoughts spring out of this magnificent picture as arrayed by the most artistic manager the stage has ever possessed, and I wonder if this some of glory and pomp will hold the memory as long as Buckingham's departure for death, which, to my mind, is by far the most interesting moment of this curiously uninteresting play. We want no show here, we want no colour, we want no help to the imagination. All we want is an actor capable of speaking the poet's noble verse, and, what is more to the point, capable of so understanding and expressing it as to bring it home to the minds and the imaginations of the audience. Such an actor has most certainly been obtained in Mr. Forbes Robertson, who, in his long black robes, crucifix in hand, takes farewell of the world, and dimly prophesies the fall of his hated

enemy. Mr. Robertson, with his grand rich voice and his delightfully sympathetic manner, visibly affected the audience. It was exactly what was wanted. This was no mandolin sentiment, no lachrymose appeal at the gate of death, but the pathetic and pure utterance of a noble nature. Better to me than all the pomp and panoply was this one brief moment of human tenderness, this quiet interlude of acting amid so much processional magnificence. We get a mixture of the two in the trial of Queen Katharine. Here, on an unfortunate evening for the actress, she was at her best. It is scarcely fair to Miss Ellen Terry, to judge her at all by her first performance of Queen Katharine. She was evidently suffering, but loyally stood to her post when her physical energy was almost exhausted. When the happy time comes for renewing an acquaintance with Queen Katharine and the play generally, I do not doubt that it will be admitted that this is Miss Terry's finest scene. She discards, as she was bound to do, the traditions of the ill-used Queen. She is as unlike the Siddons school and its descendants as she was in Lady Macbeth. She treats the character from her own point of view, and emphasises the tenderness, the loneliness, and the piteousness of the cast-off wife and noble lady. Other actresses have dwelt upon her power, on her female dignity, on her outraged pride. But Miss Ellen Terry cannot scold. Her voice can tremble with emotion, but then come the tears. Other actresses have imagined that the King was tired of the Queen because she was a little *passée*, because she was not so young as she was, because she was not so physically attractive as in the old years. This Miss Ellen Terry could not do. It would be a physical impossibility. No art can deprive her of the charm that nature has given her. So she leans upon the purely feminine side of Katharine's nature. She makes a struggle for right, but her strength is soon exhausted, so she sinks back a wreck of her former self, a crushed lily, a flower cut down by an unskilful gardener.

## THE LATE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

The almost sudden death, on Thursday, Jan. 7, of Mohammed Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, is an event much to be deplored. No Mohammedan ruling prince had merited higher personal esteem, or had more faithfully devoted himself to



ABBAS PASHA,  
THE NEW KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.



PRINCESS EMINAH HANEM,  
WIDOW OF TEWFIK PASHA, THE LATE KHEDIVE.

improve the condition of his people. In accepting, as circumstances obliged him, the aid and guidance of English official advisers, with needful military support, he showed a just confidence in the sincerity of the British Government, and retained his dignity as a Sovereign with his loyalty to Islam and to the legitimate prerogative of the Turkish Empire. Tewfik Pasha has, unhappily, not lived to see the work of administrative reform in Egypt completed. He has died, in the fortieth year of his age, after a reign of twelve years, the beginning of which exposed him to great troubles and dangers, and which was encumbered with ruinous financial embarrassments, caused by the reckless extravagance of his father, Ismail Pasha, bringing the State into helpless complications with the European Powers interfering on behalf of its creditors. Ismail Pasha being formally deposed by the Sultan, at the combined request of those Powers, England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy, his son Tewfik, as the Western rule of primogeniture had been adopted in 1866 for the hereditary succession, became "Khedive" in the place of Ismail. That title had been substituted, by the same act of concession from the Sultan to the ruler of Egypt, for the preceding style of "Wali" or Viceroy, and the sovereignty was limited only by a feudal allegiance, with a yearly tribute of money. The young Prince, in 1879, was but seventeen years old, as we should reckon, though eighteen by the Mohammedan computation of lunar months. Factions and seditious intrigues against his authority, from the outset, beset his accession to the throne; and, in little more than two years, a formidable military revolt, led by Arabi Pasha, whom we should deem rather an ignorant and headstrong enthusiast than a malignant traitor, overthrew the Khedive's Government, driving the Sovereign to take refuge in his palace at Alexandria. France and England, being equally pledged to support him, arranged a joint forcible intervention, but France declined her share of action; the British fleet bombarded the rebel forts, and a British army, under Lord Wolsey, stormed Tel-el-Kebir, dispersing the forces of Arabi Pasha. Since then, by the help of able and trustworthy English public servants under Ministers of the Khedive's appointment, with the judicious counsels of Sir Evelyn Baring, great reforms have been effected. The revenue has been augmented, taxation has been reduced, the judiciary and police have been purged of cruel and vile abuses, and the use of the "kurbash" or scourge has been discontinued. Irrigation works have aided the toils of agriculture and increased the prosperity of the land. A small but well-disciplined native army has been formed. It may be

needful, yet a few years longer, to prolong the recognised British tutelage, which has not been selfishly abused for the purpose of obtaining undue commercial or political advantages to our nation. Mohammed Tewfik, who in 1873 married Princess Eminah, a grandchild of his uncle Abbas Pasha, third Viceroy of Egypt from Mohammed Ali, the founder of the dynasty, is now succeeded by his eldest son. The new Khedive, also named Abbas Pasha, was born on July 14, 1874, and has been educated partly by English tutors, partly at Vienna.

## HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

Few places on the south coast, with the exception of Ventnor and Bournemouth, can be more safely recommended for a winter residence than Hastings, including St. Leonards, its fashionable western extension. The temperature here is more uniform than at Brighton or Eastbourne, and there is a larger allowance of sunshine, with almost entire freedom from fog. Owing to the geological formation of the land around this town, where the chalk hills are interrupted by greensand strata, the neighbouring country is well wooded, and its glens and valleys afford many pleasing excursions. To Eclesbourne and Fairlight Glen, over the East Hill or cliff, or from St. Leonards to Hollington, with its little church sequestered in a grove of trees, and to Hailton or to Ore, visitors may go without fear of disappointment in the scenery. Battle Abbey, six miles distant, is the interesting ruin of a monastery built by William the Conqueror to commemorate his victory on the adjacent field of Senlac, usually called the Battle of Hastings. The Norman Castle of Hastings, built probably on a Roman foundation, stood fronting the sea on a cliff 150 ft. high, but the ruins, enclosing an acre of ground, consist only of fragments of several towers and the arched piece of a chapel. The old town reaches up the valley between the West and the East Cliff, with two old churches, All Saints and St. Clements, lately restored; behind St. Clements are some artificial caverns, or rather gullies, in the face of the hill. The sea-beach, from St. Leonards to the East Cliff, with the Marina, the Parade, and the two fine commodious piers, is an attractive lounging-place, terminating at the east end in the resort of fishing-boats, often a scene of lively bustle. The Alexandria Park and the St. Leonards Gardens are beautifully laid out.

Good hotels and boarding-houses, with private dwellings in the best situations, offer their convenient accommodation to visitors at this agreeable seaside town.

## THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

The deplorable condition of the peasantry in many districts of the central and eastern provinces of Russia, from the failure of last year's crops, may not amount to a general "famine," as an imperial reply to the address and offered subscriptions of the officers of a Finland regiment denies the correctness of that phrase. But the reality of terrible local distress in numerous villages, and the difficulty of organising and administering measures of relief, cannot be doubted after the precise accounts that have been published. A special correspondent who was travelling in the provinces of Tula and Riazan, south of Moscow, at the beginning of January, describes the operations of local branches of the Red Cross Society, promoted by some of the landowners and country gentry, among whom M. Raphael Pissaroff, a friend of Count Tolstoi, has set a good example. The Zemstvos, or local government councils, have also

distributed food monthly to poor families with children; but, in making lists of those requiring assistance, the task of inspecting and questioning the peasants is impeded by frequent attempts at deception; and the visitors, where they had been told that an entire village had been without food for three days running, frequently came upon bread and flour sufficient for weeks. Most of the peasants hide any stores of bread, flour, and corn they may possess. To prevent danger from the gathering of bands of desperate roving wanderers, hostile to all property and to the public safety, they are often prevented by detachment of troops from leaving the village. An instance of this proceeding is shown in the sketch that we have received from a correspondent in the province of Kazan.

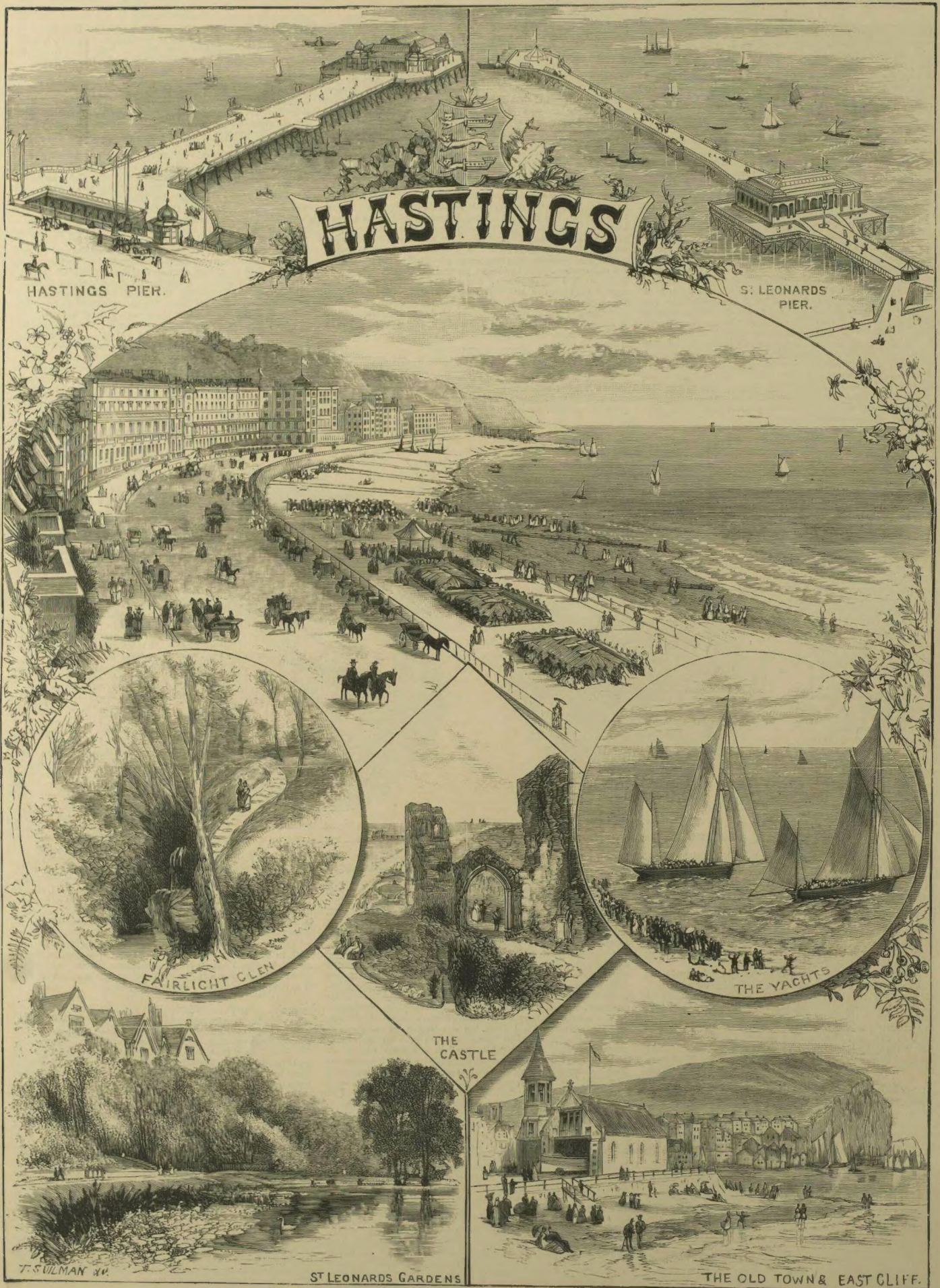
## FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on Thursday, Jan. 7, gave a juvenile fancy dress ball at the Mansion House: the company numbered more than a thousand, including children, parents, and friends. The pretty spectacle was, for the first time, illuminated by the electric light. Of the costumes, which were in great variety, many borrowed from history, romance, and fairyland, a few have been sketched by our Artist. Three daughters of the Lord Mayor appeared as Welsh girls; the youngest, three years old, made a droll figure as "great-grandmother." Music was supplied by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

## THE INSURRECTION IN MOROCCO.

The notorious misrule long prevailing in the dominions of the Sultan or Emperor of the North-West African Mohammedan State opposite to Gibraltar has at length provoked a formidable rising of some native tribes. It appears that the Moorish mission dispatched to Tuat, with a view to bringing about the annexation of the oasis to the Sultan's dominions, has completely failed, that district being under Algerian influence. On their return journey the members of the mission encountered great hardships, and were plundered by bandits in the Atlas region. Her Majesty's ships "Thunderer" and "Goshawk" are stationed off Tangier, watching British interests, while Spanish and French vessels of war have been sent thither, with similar instructions, although it was recognised that the disturbances were purely internal. Tax-gathering extortions have, for some years past, occasionally excited resistance to the Sultan among the natives of the mountain region. Our Artist travelling in that country furnished the illustration published this week.





HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS AS A WINTER RESORT.





MARY AUGUSTA, LADY HOLLAND.

*From a portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the Victorian Exhibition.—Reproduced by permission of the owner, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

Mary Augusta, wife of the fourth Lord Holland, was the last of the bearers of that distinguished name, which for nearly a century preserved the traditions of the Whig Party intact. The lady, whose portrait justly finds a prominent place in the Victorian Exhibition, was the daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry, and was married in 1833 to Henry Richard, fourth Lord Holland. Shortly after their marriage, Lord Holland was sent on a special mission to Tuscany—the only public act of his life—and on this occasion took with him Mr. G. F. Watts, a young artist who had recently attracted notice by his cartoon of "Carnactacus Led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome." During the three years (1844-7)

spent in Italy this portrait of one of the most interesting characters of the Victorian period was painted, and it represents the lady whom Society has so recently lost in the first blush of her youthful beauty. In her mobile and intelligent face, however, can be traced the underlying wit and fire which made the last Lady Holland at once admired and feared by those who were admitted to her society. For many years she sustained the reputation of Holland House as the meeting-place of all that was most distinguished in art, literature, and Whig politics, and her conservative habits prompted her to retain the same arrangement of the numerous rooms, opening one into

another, which had existed since the first Lord Holland became possessor of the house, where, from the days of Addison, men of wit, and from the days of Lady Rich, women of beauty, were wont to meet. In the hands of the last Lady Holland the traditions of the house suffered no damage; and, although it may have been difficult to sustain the level of those times when Macaulay and Hallam, Sydney Smith and Dean Milman, were among the leaders of conversation, the entertainments at Holland House down to the last year of Lady's Holland's life had about them a *cachet* of culture and a note of superiority which might be looked for in vain in the drawing-rooms of the later leaders of fashion.



## PERSONAL.

The new Khedive of Egypt is Abbas Pasha, Tewfik's son, a young man just eighteen years old, being born on July 14, 1874. He is described as of some ability and considerable self-possession of manner. Contrary to the wish of Sir Evelyn Baring and the English advisers of the Khedive, Abbas Pasha was educated at Vienna, at the Theresianum Academy, which he only quitted on Jan. 8, leaving a very good record of his career. Curiously enough, he is not, according to Mohammedan law, the genuine heir, who is really Halim, the youngest son of the great Mohammed Ali, and uncle of Tewfik's father, Ismail. Halim, who is a man of culture, good character, and ability, and has been Governor-General of the Soudan, was practically ousted from the succession by Ismail Pasha, who heavily bribed Abdul Aziz to divert the crown to his own sons. Prince Halim was born in 1829, and has spent a good deal of his life in Europe. He is a man of singular integrity, and his administrative record was a spotless one.

The Constantinople Embassy has fallen to Sir Francis Clare Ford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., P.C., who receives the position by seniority, for he has been forty years in the service. He is also a man of much tact, singular courtesy, and unusually wide and valuable diplomatic experience. One of his most important services consisted of his membership on the Halifax Commission, appointed to deal with Canadian questions in 1875, while eight years later he was appointed British Commissioner in Paris for the settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries dispute. He has been our Minister at Madrid since 1884, and in that capacity has had ample experience of the *revata quatio* of Spanish diplomacy which our possession of Gibraltar involves. He is personally known to the Sultan, to whom his appointment is acceptable.

The cricketing world will be interested in hearing of the marriage of Mr. Evan Nepean to Miss Evelyn Reid. Mr. Nepean, who is the eldest son of Sir Evan Colville Nepean, C.B., Director of Army Contracts at the War Office, is best known in association with the Middlesex Eleven. He is one of the deadliest slow bowlers in England, if not the most dangerous. His delivery is rather awkward, but he gets a tremendous break on the ball. At times the batsman is able to run out and hit, but on a difficult wicket scoring from him is almost impossible. It is hoped that his marriage will not stay his valuable contributions to Middlesex cricket.

The death of Mr. J. Cashed Hoey from a very painful disease, which he bore with the utmost patience and courage, removes an Irishman of some note in his day. Of late years he acted as the London Agent-General for Victoria. He owed his appointment to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with whom he was associated as a very brilliant member of the staff of the *Nation*. Since his settlement in London Mr. Hoey was a contributor to the *Dublin Review* and the *Spectator*. He wrote in a scholarly and agreeable vein, and was a man of genuine culture as well as of the most amiable and unselfish character. His widow is well known as the writer of a number of excellent novels.

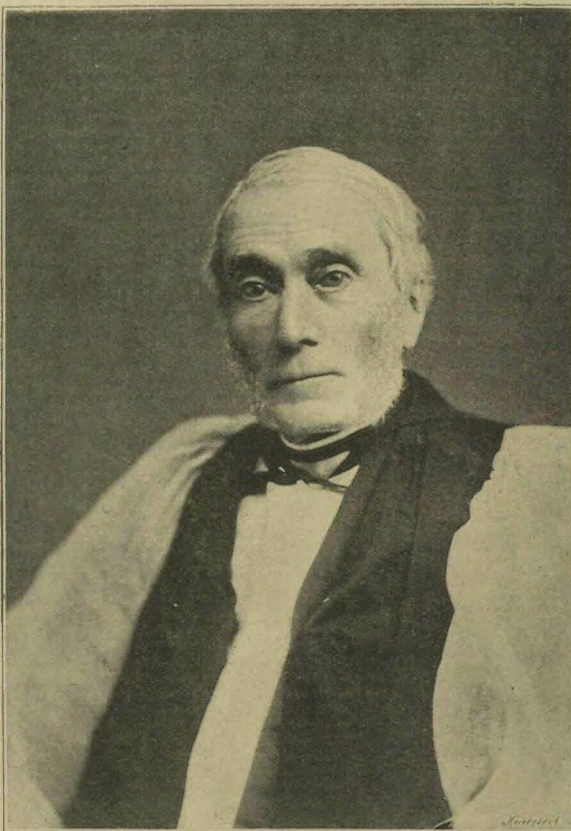
The sudden death of the Dowager Lady Sandhurst deprives the Women's Liberal Federation of an active and strenuous member. Lady Sandhurst was practically the leader of at least a party in the Federation, and her faculty of ready and even eloquent speech was always available at Liberal meetings in London and elsewhere. She was an ardent Home Ruler, although her late husband, Baron Sandhurst, better known as Sir William Mansfield, was at one time commander of the forces in Ireland. She stood for the London County Council in 1889, but was unseated on the petition of her unsuccessful opponent, Mr. Beresford Hope, on the ground that women were not eligible. Lady Sandhurst's social activities were shared between her excellent home for little cripples, to which she was devoted, and her social and political work, into which she threw a certain strain of religious fervour. She received the freedom of the City of Dublin in 1889, in conjunction with Mr. Stansfeld, M.P. Her son, Lord Sandhurst, was Mr. Gladstone's Under-Secretary for War in the short Home Rule Administration, and Lady Sandhurst herself was a close friend of the Gladstone family. Her stately presence and tall and ample figure, severely draped in black, made a picture which will not easily be forgotten by those who worked with her.

Rumours have been current ament M. Guy de Maupassant's failing health for some months past, but violent madness was the last thing suspected, for, both as a writer and an individual, the author of "Mont Oriol" and "Pierre et Jean" always struck his friends as being an exceptionally sane and clear-headed man. De Maupassant would never submit to the blandishments of Mrs. Leo Hunter, and always refused absolutely to be "drawn" on his own or other people's literary work. Flaubert was his master and his god. Among his most valued treasures were the author's own copies of "Madame Bovary" and "L'Education Sentimentale." It is strange that Pierre Loti and Guy de Maupassant have both such a passionate love and understanding of the sea. There is, unfortunately, little doubt that what may be called the Flaubertian method of work has produced disastrous consequences in more than one writer. Flaubert himself died literally from the result of brain-fatigue, and those who knew how de Maupassant did his work always prophesied that he would break down sooner or later. Every phrase was rewritten at least three times before the writer was satisfied with the form in which he had cast his thought, and, moreover, he always wrote out twice whatever story or chapter he was engaged upon, in order to see how the same idea or subject would read treated in two utterly different fashions. This meant an extraordinary amount of labour and thought. It is said that de Maupassant must have made something like 500,000fr. by his pen during the last thirteen years.

The death of the Right Rev. Henry-Philpott, D.D., on Sunday, Jan. 10, removes one of the foremost Churchmen of the present generation. He held the See of Worcester for nearly thirty years, and when he resigned the charge, in August 1890, he left behind him a name that will be revered and honoured in the Midlands for many years to come. Born in 1807, he had a most distinguished career at Cambridge, where, in 1829, he became Senior Wrangler. He also obtained a First Class in the Classical Tripos, although he was fourteenth on the 1st, and he took a Second Class in the competition for

Smith's prizes. A Fellowship followed closely upon his successes, and for the next five-and-twenty years he was intimately connected with the life and work of Cambridge University. As the *Times* so pertinently points out, "there is not a department in the University whose records do not show abundant traces of his painstaking skill, in the form of papers and minutes of the most lucid character, full of careful research, and written in a hand beautifully regular and uniform." He was Vice-Chancellor in 1846, and served the office of Chaplain and University Correspondent to Prince Albert during the time the Prince Consort was Chancellor. He also had the high honour of entertaining the Queen and the Prince Consort at Cambridge.

Dr. Philpott succeeded to the Bishopric of Worcester in 1860, and he afterwards became Clerk of the Queen's Closet, an appointment he held to the time of his death. Great and useful as was the work he did for Cambridge (by universal consent he was selected as Chairman of the Commission on the death of Sir A. Cockburn), it will be as Bishop of Worcester that his name will go down to posterity. He was personally acquainted with every nook and corner of his diocese, and many a poor and overburdened incumbent has had good cause to remember his invariable kindness and consideration. He was, on the whole, wealthy, but yet he and his truly devoted wife lived in the simplest manner, their means being expended principally for and in the diocese. He was a magnificent contributor to the fund for the extension of churches, but he was considered behind the age in that he would never sanction a Church congress, a diocesan conference, or any of those deliberative assemblies that have been set on foot with such advantage to the Church in recent years. He, however, always had a horror of what he called irresponsible talk. He was essentially a worker, and down to the very last he laboured as he had ever done for and among his people.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. HENRY PHILPOTT, D.D.,  
FORMERLY BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

Although he lived at Hartlebury Castle, he was a constant visitor even in the remote parishes of his diocese, while in Birmingham there was no more familiar figure in the streets than that of Bishop Philpott. It was a great disappointment to him that the division of the See could not be effected during his episcopate, but when he found that it required a younger man to complete the scheme he accepted the situation, though he was to the very end a cordial supporter of and a liberal contributor to the Birmingham Bishopric Fund. He was succeeded at Worcester by Dr. J. J. Stewart Perowne. Since the autumn of 1890 he has lived in retirement at Cambridge.

The Earl of Lichfield, who died at his town house, in Granville Place, on Jan. 7, at the age of sixty-six, was descended from a sister of George Anson, so celebrated for his voyage round the world, which began in 1740—when, with five men-of-war, a sloop, and two victuallers, he left Portsmouth—and terminated in June four years later, when the intrepid commander arrived at Spithead in the *Centurion*, the only ship remaining of the expedition. For this, and for services rendered in the war with France, he was made a Peer and Vice-Admiral of England. He died without issue in 1762, when the Barony of Anson became extinct. His fortune passed to his nephew, George Adams, who subsequently assumed the name and arms of Anson, and was the father of the first Viscount Anson and grandfather of the first Earl of Lichfield. The late Earl, one of the most retiring and unassuming of men, was at one time in the Foreign Office, and represented Lichfield in Parliament from 1847 to 1854. Both he and his Countess, a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, were greatly interested in the temperance movement, which they did all in their power, by example as well as precept, to forward.

Sir Robert Cavendish Spencer Clifford, Bart., one of the numerous victims of influenza, who was born in 1815, held the office of Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords for more than thirty years. Sir Spencer, who

succeeded his elder brother in the title nearly ten years ago, was formerly a colonel in the Grenadier Guards, and retired from the Army in 1855. His father, Sir Augustus William Clifford, filled the office of Usher of the Black Rod for many years, was created a baronet in 1833, and at one time performed the duties of Great Chamberlain of England during the absence of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby from this country.

The long-announced Civil List pension to Miss Amelia E. Edwards amounts, after all, to only £75 per annum—a very slight recognition of the services she has rendered to literature. Unfortunately, the traditions of the office which regulates the grants from the Civil List is that any bone, however dry, is good enough for one who has spent a laborious life in catering for the instruction and enlightenment of the public. Miss Edwards has only been treated as one whose work was rather less valuable than that of the Rev. F. O. Morris, the writer on natural history, and rather more valuable than that of Miss Gordon Cumming, the traveller.

It is more satisfactory to find that Mr. Balfour's presence at the Treasury has obtained from the same source a pension of £100 to Mr. Francis Woodhouse Levin, the author of "Lectures on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero," a work which attracted some attention at the time of its publication, but has since somewhat dropped out of recollection. Mr. Levin, who took his degree at Cambridge in 1861, was for some time a successful tutor; but the total loss of sight compelled him to give up the work, finding himself unable to keep pace with the increasing requirements of modern examinations and with the results of modern criticism and research. The recognition of his claim upon the Pension Fund is as incontestable as that of £100 to the widow of Dr. W. Lant Carpenter, F.R.S., and, while we do not grudge the grant of £120 to Lady Green, the widow of Sir William Kirby Green, who died suddenly at Morocco at the beginning of last year, we cannot help feeling that it might have been more properly provided out of the funds at the disposal of the Foreign Office, in the service of which department Sir William Green spent his life, and finally lost it.

The death of Mr. John Baptist Zerbini, well known to every London musician under the cognomen of "Cherubini," which occurred at Melbourne on Nov. 28 last, at the early age of fifty-two, will be learned with regret by all his brother professionals, to whom his thorough musicianship and sterling personal worth greatly endeared him. A resident in Melbourne since 1885, Mr. Zerbini was formerly a prominent figure at the Monday Popular Concerts, where he interpreted for many seasons a series of string quartets in company with Messrs. Joachim, Ries, and Piatti. On his own instrument, the tenor violin, he was unsurpassed; but he was also a competent artist on any strings, an accomplished pianist and organist, and a capable conductor. His acquaintance with music, especially of the classical schools from Bach to Mozart, was profound, giving great weight to any expressed opinion on the production of standard works. His intimate knowledge of every instrument contained in an orchestra has on more than one memorable occasion proved invaluable to the conductor under whose baton he was rehearsing, and it is only to be regretted that his unassuming and retiring disposition, destitute of the slightest taint of charlatany, should have militated against his taking a more prominent position in the musical world. Only those who knew him intimately could realise the profundity and variety of his knowledge, which was never obtruded, but needed to be sought and garnered out.

Among the most distinguished victims of influenza must be included Dr. Reeves, Bishop of Down and President of the Royal Irish Academy. He died on Jan. 12 at a private hotel in Dublin. Dr. Reeves, who was in his seventy-seventh year, was author of several works on antiquity, and as President of the Royal Irish Academy he recently delivered an interesting historical address. He was a constant contributor of papers read in the Academy.

The latest glimpse of Arabi Pasha in his exile home in the Island of Ceylon is afforded by the writer of "The Wanderer's Budget," in the *Newcastle Chronicle*. This visitor found Arabi in his bungalow in the Cinnamon Gardens near Colombo, amidst a grove of cocoanut-trees, haunted by magpie-robins and playful squirrels. Arabi's children—Mahomed, aged eight, and his brother Edward, somewhat younger—were playing barefooted in the verandah. Mahomed speaks English fluently. Arabi, who also speaks English—"not very well, and not very ill"—is described as tall and portly, and of gentle manners. He entertained his visitors with coffee, and, in discussing the situation in Egypt, said: "Why should I find fault with the British occupation? The English are doing just what I intended to do, bringing about the very reforms which I desired." He did not appear, it is stated, to be in the best of health. He complains of the climate of Ceylon, more particularly of the all-pervading dampness—the moist heat so different from the dry, hot atmosphere of his native land.

The Chancellorship of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Charles Duke Yonge, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Samuel J. Macmillan, M.A., an Ulster man, who is well known in Belfast, where he was a student in Queen's College.

Lord Rosebery has announced that he will not again contest the City as a candidate for the London County Council, though this does not necessarily involve his retirement from that body, as another seat could easily be found for him. It is probable that the course of events in high politics will divert his energies into a very different channel. Sir John Lubbock has intimated a desire to withdraw from the Council, but it is hoped that he will be prevailed upon to remain. It would be difficult to overestimate the service rendered by Lord Rosebery to this great administrative machine, and both parties in the Council would be glad to treat him as an impartial arbiter, removed from the stress and strain of party conflict; but, naturally enough, Lord Rosebery declines to assert any claim to be treated as a personality apart.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the late Lady Sandhurst is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; the late Sir George B. Airy, by Messrs. Morgan and Kidd, The Circus, Greenwich; and the late Khedive of Egypt, by Mr. J. Heyman, of Cairo.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

## DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

With deep sorrow, with heartfelt sympathy for the royal family, the parents, the betrothed bride, the brother and sisters, and our Queen, and with a profound sense of the sad uncertainty that attends the brightest hopes even of a youthful life hitherto favoured by all the fairest prospects that an exalted rank, apparently destined to the highest position in this realm, could offer to the future career of one hitherto grown up to full manhood with a blameless and amiable personal character, we record the death of his Royal Highness the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who had been suffering some days from a severe attack of influenza combined with pneumonia, expired at Sandringham on Jan. 14; the physicians, Dr. W. H. Broadbent and Dr. F. H. Laking, in a bulletin of Wednesday, had stated that there were "symptoms of great gravity," and that his condition was "critical," but we still await further details of the rapid change for the worse in his last hours. The bulletin issued on the Tuesday evening, signed by Dr. Broadbent, Dr. Laking, and Dr. D. A. R. Manby, the local medical attendant, had reported the condition of his Royal Highness "somewhat better"; they considered that the day (Tuesday) had been, "on the whole, favourable." Great anxiety was felt in London after the publication of the alarming bulletin on Wednesday morning, and fears were excited which have, unhappily, been verified by a disaster that people of all ranks and classes must equally deplore. Of the peculiarly distressing circumstances of this bereavement, so soon after the pleasant announcement of the young Prince's approaching marriage to Princess Mary of Teck, and in the midst of numerous public and private tokens of sincere congratulation, with the most cordial good wishes for their wedded life, it is hardly needful to say much upon this mournful occasion, though many natural reflections will arise in every heart, and will be expressed when time allows to such thoughts a more adequate comment and form of condolence. His Royal Highness, Albert Victor Christian Edward of Wales, born on Jan. 8, 1864, had just passed his twenty-eighth year. He was educated at Cambridge University; shared with his brother, Prince George of Wales, the training of a Naval Cadet on board H.M.S. Britannia, and service as a Midshipman in the cruise of H.M.S. Galatea, in 1879; entered the Army in 1885, as Lieutenant of the Royal Artillery, and was transferred to the 10th Hussars, holding the rank of Major; and was appointed one of her Majesty's Aides-de-Camp. He was a Knight of the Garter, also of the Grand Eagle of Prussia, and bore several other foreign Orders of Knighthood, with sundry titles and honorary distinctions in this country. The public appearances of his Royal Highness, especially since he received the peerage with the title of Duke of Clarence and Avondale, have been associated with objects of local usefulness, and he has performed such duties with frank and cordial goodwill. His tour in Southern India and Burmah, during several months of 1889 and 1890, afforded much satisfaction to native and European subjects of the Eastern British Empire, over which, if life had been spared, he might ultimately have been called to reign. The Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Mary of Teck were at Sandringham when he died.

The House of Commons has been ventilated again. This process is familiar, but somehow the atmosphere of the Legislative Chamber has invariably betrayed an invincible objection to reform. This time it is asserted that "a powerful fan" (not in the Ladies' Gallery) will work wonders; at any rate, the ladies and the reporters are to be regaled with perfectly pure air, and not the ozone which rises from the debates below. Unwelcome odours from the river are to be rigidly suppressed, and the County Council receives a plain hint that it had better put in order the sewers which plant themselves betwixt the wind and the nobility of the people's representatives. I dare say there are chartered optimists (fresh from bye-elections) who expect to find the House of Commons a bay of agreeable zephyrs; but the pessimist of the Press Gallery shrugs his shoulders and bides his time.

Lord Randolph Churchill has come home, not in the most amiable mood. He told the interviewers that "the newspapers had done nothing but lie" about him since he went to South Africa. He expressed the utmost confidence in the cook of the steamer which brought him back, and he laughed to scorn the notion that he had any yearning for a diplomatic appointment. About Mashonaland Lord Randolph prophesied smooth things. It was a most promising country, he said, to those who were prepared to do their pioneering with resolution. Nuggets were not to be had for whistling, but if you owned half a respectable mine you might be happy. There is a suggestion of faint praise in all this which is not robust enough to create companies.

The secret police of this happy isle are not much in evidence, though Parliament votes an annual sum for their maintenance. They have been justifying their existence, however, by arresting three Anarchists on the charge of preparing dynamite bombs for a nefarious purpose. The worst of a bomb is that it cannot claim to have any innocent intention. If it is discovered in a gentleman's luggage, he cannot even argue that it is manifestly designed for a pyrotechnic entertainment. It is alleged that two men arrested at Walsall were in possession of the mechanism for the manufacture of bombs, and a third, who was captured in London, is supposed by the police to be one of the conspirators. The official theory is that these machines were designed for use on May 1, in accordance

with a plot to blow up something in every European capital on that anniversary. The accused seem to be well read in the kind of literature which comes from Chicago, and to which the respected Herr Most devoted those undoubted talents that became too dazzling for the public vision in this country.

Mr. Hopwood, the Recorder of Liverpool, claims to have effected a notable reduction of crime in that city by his system of short sentences. The average sentences inflicted by his predecessor was thirteen months. Mr. Hopwood has reduced this average to three months, and he affirms that the result is the decrease of indictable offences in the year by nine hundred. So the burglar who loves to hear the merry brook a-gurgling, and listen to the happy village chime, is so grateful to Mr. Hopwood for an early restoration to those delights that he is beginning to neglect his calling, and spends his spare time, no doubt, in chanting Mr. Hopwood's praises. There are sceptics who gibe at the Liverpool Recorder, but, perhaps, he is content to retort with Hamlet, "You may fret me, but you cannot play upon me."

What is commonly known as "the Strange Paternity Case" continues to haunt the Law Courts. Mrs. Thompson, who was deprived of the custody of her children, appeared before the Master of the Rolls to demand access to them. This, it appears, is at present refused on account of the lady's singular behaviour. It will be remembered that she denied Mr. Thompson's claim to be her husband, which was upheld by the

of the Sultan that no time was lost in naming Prince Abbas Khedive of Egypt. It would be ungracious to inquire into the influences which may have been brought to bear upon the Porte in order to avoid the usual Oriental procrastination and the masterly inactivity which Turkish statesmen are wont to display, for the result is highly satisfactory, and Europe is saved a good deal of trouble.

As to the opinion of Europe on the Egyptian situation, it is easy to give it in a few words. Europe on the question is divided in two groups. In one of which are France and Russia. What the French think on the subject has been epigrammatically summed up by a Parisian paper, which said: "There is no change in Egypt, only another Khedive"; as to the Russians, having so many important matters at home requiring their undivided attention, they insist that there is nothing for them to do just now but to wait and see that the treaties are faithfully observed, and thus eventually oblige England to leave Egypt of her own free will. The other group comprises all the other Powers, and they are, without exception, favourable to Great Britain.

Among the many things which, in Germany, it is dangerous to do, must be reckoned writing to the newspapers—at least when the writer happens to hold or to have held an official position. Count Limburg-Solms having published in the *Kreuz Zeitung* an article in which he sharply criticised the commercial treaties which the German Government has recently concluded with several countries, it has been decided to prosecute him. The Count is a diplomatist who has retired from active service, but is, however, liable to be re-employed. By straining a point, his superiors have come to the conclusion that he had no right to blame the foreign policy of the Government, and accordingly they are taking disciplinary measures against him. This reminds me of the prosecution of Count Arnim by Prince Bismarck, and, curiously enough, it is said in Berlin that the prosecution of Count Limburg is meant as a hint to Prince Bismarck himself, who sometimes, in the articles published under his inspiration, almost oversteps the limits beyond which an ex-Minister ought not to go.

The Reichstag met on Jan. 12 for its ordinary session, during which several interesting discussions are expected to take place. One of these will be raised on a resolution introduced by the Radicals for the payment of members. The new commercial treaties will probably be voted by a large majority, and then will come the Government Bill for the prevention of drunkenness. This is a very stringent measure, according to which, if it were passed in its present form, no spirits might be sold to anyone under the age of sixteen, or to any intoxicated person, or to any "habitual drunkard." The Bill also provides that publicans must sell food as well as drink, and that persons denounced as "habitual drunkards" shall be prosecuted and shut up until they are fit to be at large, their property meanwhile being sequestered. It now remains to be seen whether this Bill will be passed, and, if passed, whether it will have a sobering influence upon the subjects of the German Emperor, contrary to the dictum of the late Mr. John Bright.

It is to be hoped that German soldiers will drink, the new law notwithstanding, for the military authorities have just issued an order according to which any sentry who may feel aggrieved by a disparaging remark made by a passer-by is to punish the offender by firing upon him, and a drunken man is less likely to shoot straight than one who is perfectly sober. At the same time, to be shot for "insulting" a sentry is a rather excessive punishment, and the German soldier is to be given practically an unlimited right to shoot his Majesty's liege subjects on the slightest provocation. The streets of Berlin will be dangerous places if the new order is enforced, as very likely it will be.

Of course, the Berliners may take to wearing light-grey coats, such as those worn on New Year's Day by the Emperor and his staff, and which are

to be adopted for the army, as numerous experiments have proved that light grey is the colour least distinguishable at a distance.

I have no doubt that sufferers from the prevailing epidemic will feel highly gratified by the announcement that the influenza bacillus is the smallest yet discovered, and that it has been propagated to the fifth generation by its discoverer; but how much more pleased they would be if some remedy were found to relieve and cure them!

I was quite right to express my doubts as to the accuracy of the statement that the Emperor of Austria was to visit Rome in September, and that the contemplated journey had been arranged after consultation with the Pope. It is now semi-officially stated that there is not the slightest foundation for the report, which created some sensation on the Continent.

On Jan. 4 King Charles of Roumania passed through Pesth on his way to Pallanza, on Lake Maggiore, where Queen Elizabeth lies seriously ill, and had an interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph. This is considered a proof of Roumania's friendly disposition towards Austria and the Triple Alliance.

From the United States it is reported that great progress is being made with the construction of the buildings of the Chicago Exhibition, which will be ready to receive exhibits by Oct. 1 next, more than six months before the opening of the World's Fair to the public. Next month the members of both Houses of Congress will go to Chicago and inspect the works, and on their return will discuss a Bill for a grant in aid of the Exhibition. A special Message from President Harrison with regard to the Exhibition will be sent to Congress during the month of February.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AT THE AGE OF THREE YEARS AND TEN MONTHS.

Courts, and apparently she purposes to appear as regularly before the judges as Miss Flite, of immortal memory, with her documents.

The Town Council of Eastbourne have contested the statements upon which Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Witt based a legal opinion which was very unfavourable to the action of the Eastbourne authorities against the Salvation Army. Some sense of weakness, however, is visible in the withdrawal of the general prohibition of open-air services at Eastbourne on Sundays. Instead of meddling with the Wesleyans, the police now confine their attentions to the Salvationists. As it is obviously inconsistent to allow other Nonconformist bodies to conduct services without music, while denying this right to the followers of General Booth, the Town Council now contend that they have never interfered with this branch of Salvationist work. On this point there is a remarkable conflict of evidence, and the testimony of the Chief Constable at Eastbourne cannot easily be reconciled with that of the Town Clerk. Moreover, Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Witt have held that it is illegal for the police to use force to disperse the Salvationists, even when they are playing their instruments.

Sir John Millais has suffered a misfortune by the destruction of Newmill, his house in Perthshire, which was burnt. Sir John and Lady Millais, and the picture on which the artist was engaged, escaped, but there was a serious loss of property and a disagreeable disturbance of Sir John's fishing in the neighbouring Tay.

The death of poor Tewfik and the accession of his son Abbas are events which might conceivably have had serious consequences, and it says much for the good sense of the advisers

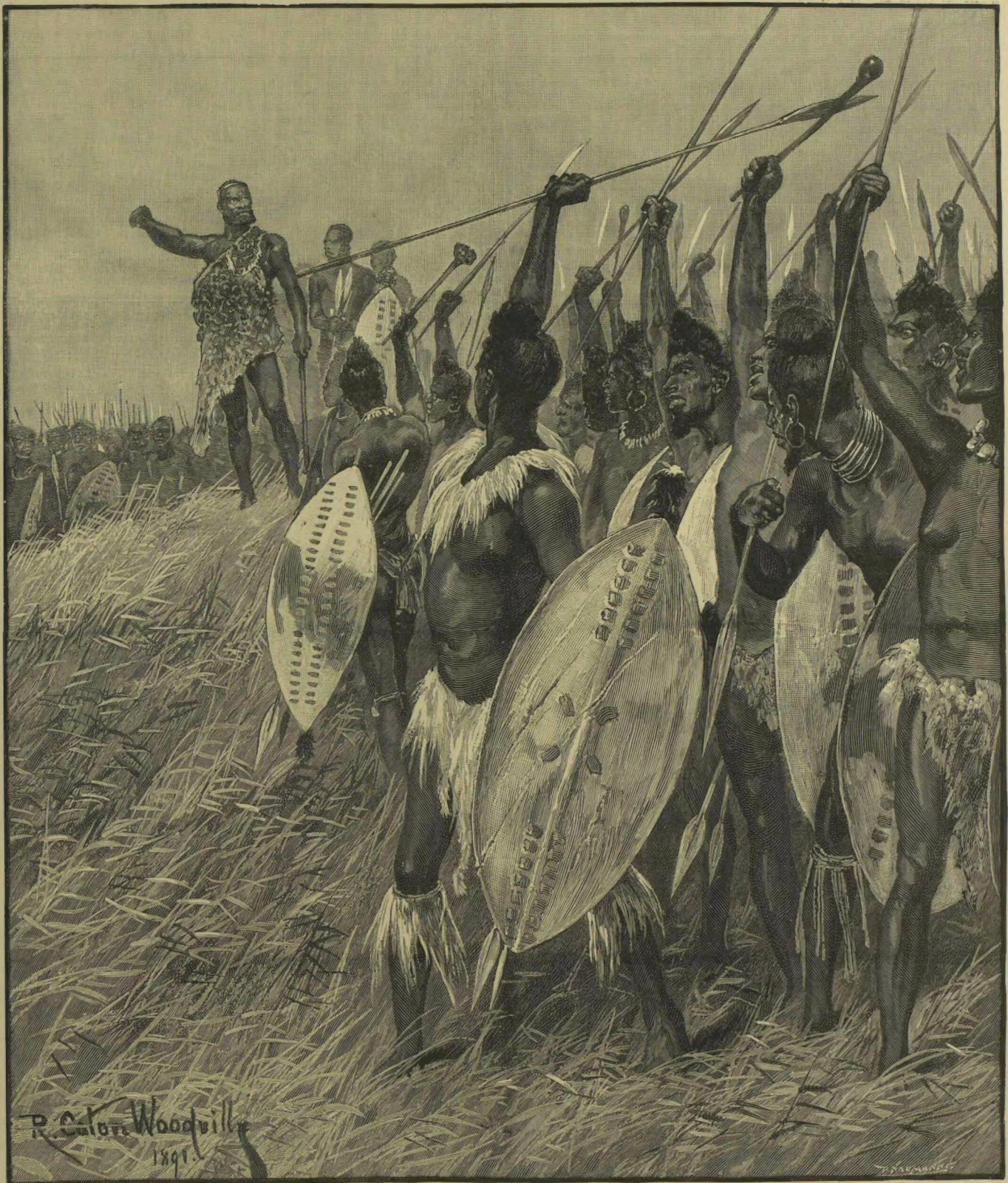




CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.





Then again Chaka speaks: "Charge! Children of the Zulu!"

## NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### MOPO BECOMES THE KING'S DOCTOR.

These, then, my father, were the events that ended in the coming of me, Mopo, and of my sister Baleka to the kraal of Chaka, the Lion of the Zulu. Now, you may ask why have I kept you so long with this tale, which is as are other tales of our people. But that shall be seen, for from these matters, as a tree from a seed, grew the birth of Umslopogaas Bulaho, Umslopogaas the Slaughterer, and Nada the Beautiful, of whose love my story has to tell. For Nada was my daughter, and Umslopogaas, though few knew it, was none other than the son of Chaka, born of my sister Baleka.

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Now, when Baleka recovered from the weariness of our flight, and her beauty came back to her, Chaka took her to wife, numbering her among his women, whom he named his "sisters." And me Chaka took to be one of his doctors, of his *unyanga* of medicine, and he was so well pleased with my medicine that in the end I became his head doctor. Now, this was a great post, in which, during the course of years, I grew fat in cattle and in wives; but also it was one of much danger. For when I rose strong and well in the morning, I could never know but that at night I should sleep stiff and red. Many were the doctors whom Chaka slew; doctored they never so well, they were slain at last. For a day would surely come when the king felt ill in his body or heavy in his mind,

and then to the assegai or the torment with the wizard who had doctored him! Yet I escaped, because of the power of my medicine, and also because of that oath which Chaka had sworn to me as a child. So it came about that where the king went there I went with him. I slept near his hut, I sat behind him at council, in the battle I was ever at his side.

Ah! the battle!—the battle! In those days we knew how to fight, my father! In those days the vultures would follow our impis in thousands, the hyenas would steal along our path in packs, and none went empty away. Never may I forget the first fight I stood in at the side of Chaka. It was just after the king had built his great kraal on the south bank of the Umhlatuze. Then it was that the chief Zwide attacked



his rival Chaka for the third time. Chaka moved out to meet him with ten full regiments\*, now for the first time armed with the short stabbing-spear.

The ground lay thus. On a long low hill in front of our impi were massed the regiments of Zwidi; there were seventeen of them. The earth was black with their number; their plumes filled the air like snow. We, too, were on a hill, and between us lay a valley down which there ran a little stream. All night our fires shone out across the valley; all night the songs of soldiers echoed down the hills. Then the grey dawning came, the oxen lowed to the light, the regiments awoke from their bed of spears, they sprang up and shook the dew from their hair and shield—yes! they awoke! the glad to die! The impi assumed its army regiment by regiment. There was the breast of spears, there were the horns of spears, they were numberless as the stars, and as the stars they shone. The morning breeze came up and fanned them, their plumes bent in the breeze; like a plain of seeding grass they bent, the plumes of the soldiers ripe for the assegai. Up over the shoulder of the hill came the sun of Slaughter; it glowed red upon the red shields, red grew the place of killing, the white plumes of chiefs were dipped in the blood of heaven. They knew it, they saw the omen of death, and ah! they laughed in the joy of the waking of battle. What was death? Was it not well to die on the spear? What was death? Was it not well to die for the king? Death was the arms of Victory. Victory should be their bride that night, and oh! her breast is fair.

Hark! the war-song, the *Ingomo*, rose far away to the left, and was thrown along from regiment to regiment—a rolling ball of sound—

*We are the king's kins, bred to be slaughtered,  
You, too, are one of us!  
We are the Zulu, children of the Lion,  
What! did you tremble?*

Suddenly Chaka appeared stalking through the ranks, followed by his captains, his indunas, and by me. He walked along like a great buck, death was in his eyes, and like a buck he sniffed the air, scenting the air of slaughter. He lifted his assegai, and a silence fell; only the sound of chanting still rolled along the hills.

"Where are the children of Zwidi?" he shouted, and his voice was the voice of a bull.

our wounded rise upon their haunches and wave us on. We trample them down. What matter? They can fight no more. Then we meet Zwidi rushing to greet us, as bull meets bull. Out! my father, I know no more. Everything grows red. That fight! that fight! it was a fray to die in. We swept them flat. When it was done there was nothing to be seen, but the hillside was black and red. Few fled; few were left to fly. We passed over them like fire; we ate them up. Presently we paused, looking for the foe. All were dead. The host of Zwidi was no more! Then we mustered. Ten regiments had looked upon the morning sun; three regiments saw the sun sink, the rest had gone where no sun shines.

Such were our battles in the days of Chaka! You ask of the Umkandhlu regiment which fled. I will tell you. When we reached our kraal once more, Chaka summoned that regiment and mustered it. He spoke to them gently, gently. He thanked them for their service. He said it was natural that "girls" should faint at the sight of blood and turn to seek their kraals. Yet he had bid them come back no more and they had come back! What then was there now left for him to do? And he covered his face with his blanket. Then the soldiers slew them all, nearly two thousand of them—slew them with taunts and jeers.

That is how we dealt with cowards in those days, my father. After that, one Zulu was a match for five of any other tribe. It ten came against him, still he turned not his back. "Fight and fall, but fly not," that was our watchword. Never again while Chaka lived did a conquered force pass the gates of the king's kraal.

That fight was but one war out of many. With every moon a fresh impi started to wash its spears, and came back few and thin, but with victory and countless cattle. Tribe after tribe went down before us. Those of them who escaped the assegai were enrolled into fresh regiments, and thus, though men died by thousands every month, yet the army grew. Soon there were no other chiefs left. Umsuduka fell, and after him Mancegeza. Umzilikazi was driven north; Matiwane was stamped flat. Then we poured into Natal. When we entered, its people could not be numbered. When we left, here and there a man might be found hidden in a hole in the earth—that was all. Men, women, and children, we wiped them out: the land was clean of them. Next came the turn of U'Faku, chief of the Anapondos. Ah! where is U'Faku now?

"It is the king's word, woman."  
"It is the king's word, and what is the king's word? Have I, then, naught to say in this matter?"  
"It is the king's child, woman."  
"It is the king's child, and is it not also my child? Must my babe be dragged from my breast and be dashed against a stone, and by you, Mopo? Have I not loved you, Mopo? Did I not flee with you from our people and the vengeance of our father? Do you know that not two moons gone the king was wroth with you because he fell sick, and would have caused you to be slain had I not pleaded for you and called his oath to mind? And thus you pay me: you come to slay my child, my first-born child!"

"It is the king's word, woman," I answered sternly; but my heart was split in two within me.

Then she said no more, but, turning her face to the wall of the hut, wept and groaned bitterly.

Now, as she wept I heard a stir without the hut, and the light in the doorway was darkened. A woman entered alone. I looked round to see who it was, then fell upon the ground in salutation, for before me was Unandi, mother of the king, who was named "Mother of the Heavens," that same lady to whom my mother had refused the milk.

"Hail, Mother of the Heavens!" I said.  
"Greeting, Mopo!" she answered. "Say why does Baleka weep! Is it because the sorrow of women is upon her?"

"Ask of her, great chieftainess," I said.  
Then Baleka spoke: "I weep, mother of a king, because this man, who is my brother, has come from him who is my lord and thy son to slay that which shall be born of me. O thou whose breasts have given suck, plead for me! Thy son was not slain at birth."

"Perchance it were well if he had been so slain, Baleka," said Unandi; "then had many another man lived to look upon the sun who now is dead."

"At the least, as an infant he was good and gentle, and thou mightest love him, Mother of the Zulu."

"Never, Baleka! As a babe he bit my breast and tore my hair, as the man is so was the babe."

"Yet may his child be otherwise, Mother of the Heavens! Think, thou hast no grandson to comfort thee in thy age. Wilt thou, then, see all thy stock wither? The king, our lord, lives in war. He too may die, and what then?"



All were dead. The host of Zwidi was no more!

"Yonder, father," answered the regiments, and every spear pointed across the valley.

"They do not come," he shouted again. "Shall we then sit here till we grow old?"

"No, father," they answered. "Begin! begin!"

"Let the Umkandhlu regiment come forward!" he shouted a third time, and as he spoke the black shields of the Umkandhlu leapt from the ranks of the impi.

"Go, my children!" cried Chaka. "There is the foe. Go and return no more!"

"We hear you, father!" they answered with one voice, and moved down the slope like a countless herd of game with horns of steel.

Now they crossed the stream, and now Zwidi awoke. A murmur went through his companies; lines of light played above his spears.

Oa! they are coming! Oa! they have met! Harken to the thunder of the shields! Harken to the song of battle!

To and fro they swing. The Umkandhlu gives—it flies! They pour back across the stream—half of them; the rest are dead. A howl of rage goes up from the host, only Chaka smiles.

"Open up! open up!" he cries. "Make room for the Umkandhlu girls!" and with hanging heads they pass behind us.

Then he whispers a word to the indunas. The indunas run; they whisper to Menziwa, the general and to the captains; then two regiments rush down the hill, two more run to the right, and yet another two to the left. But Chaka stays on the hill with the three that are left. Again comes the roar of the meeting shields. Ah! these are men; they fight, they do not run. Regiment after regiment pours upon them, but still they stand. They fall by hundreds and by thousands, but no man shows his back, and on each man there lie two dead.

Now! my father. Of those two regiments not one escaped. They were but boys, but they were the children of Chaka. Menziwa was buried beneath the heaps of his warriors. Now there are no such men.

They are all dead and quiet. Chaka still holds his hand! He looks to the north and to the south. See! spears are shining among the trees. Now the horns of our host close upon the flanks of the foe. They slay and are slain, but the men of Zwidi are many and brave, and the battle turns against us.

Then again Chaka speaks a word. The captains hear, the soldiers stretch out their necks to listen.

It has come at last. "Charge! Children of the Zulu!"

There is a roar, a thunder of feet, a flashing of spears, a bending of plumes, and, like a river that has burst its banks, like lightning clouds before the gale, we sweep down upon friend and foe. They form up to meet us, the stream is past—

And so it went on and on, till even the Zulus were weary of war and the sharpest assegais grew blunt.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CHANGING OF THE CHILDREN.

This was the rule of the life of Chaka, that he would have no children, though he had many wives. Every child born to him of his "sisters" was slain at once.

"What, Mopo!" he said to me, "shall I rear up children to put me to the assegai when they grow great? They call me tyrant. Say, how do kings die whom men name tyrants? They die at the hands of those whom they have bred. Nay, Mopo, I will rule for my life, and when I join the spirits of my fathers let the strongest take my power and my place!"

Now, it chanced that shortly after Chaka had spoken thus, my sister Baleka, the king's wife, fell in labour; and on that same day my wife Macrepha was brought to bed of twins, and this but eight days after my second wife, Anadi, had given birth to a son. You ask, my father, how I came to be married, seeing that Chaka forbade marriage to all his soldiers till they were well on in middle life and had put the man's ring upon their heads. It was a boon he granted me as *inyanga* of medicine, saying it was well that a doctor should know the sicknesses of women and learn how to cure their evil tempers. As though, my father, that were possible!

When the king heard that Baleka was sick he did not kill her outright, because he loved her a little, but he sent for me, commanding me to attend her, and when the child was born to cause its body to be brought before him, according to custom, so that he might be sure that it was dead. I bent to the earth before him, and went to do his bidding with a heavy heart, for was not Baleka my sister? And would not her child be of my own blood? Still, it must be so, for Chaka's whisper was as the shout of other kings, and if we dared to disobey, then our blood and the blood of all in our kraal must answer for it. Better that a babe should die than that we should become food for jackals. Presently I came to the *Empapensi*, the place of the king's wives, and declared the king's word to the soldiers on guard. They lowered their assegais and let me pass, and I entered the hut of Baleka. It was there of other of the king's wives, but when they saw me they rose and went away, for it was not lawful that they should stay where I was. Thus I was left alone with my sister.

For awhile she lay silent and I said no word, though I saw by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"Hush, little one!" I said at length, "your sorrow will soon be done."

"Nay," she answered, lifting her head, "it will be but begun. Oh, cruel man! I know the reason of your coming. You come to slay the babe that shall be born of me."

"Then the root of Senzangacona yet grows green. Has the king no brothers?"

"They are not of thy flesh, mother. What? thou dost not hearken! Then as a woman to woman I plead with thee. Save my child or slay me with my child!"

Now the heart of Unandi grew gentle, and she was moved to tears.

"How may this be done, Mopo?" she said. "The king must see the dead babe, and if he suspect, and even reeds have ears, you know the heart of Chaka and where we shall lie to-morrow."

"Are there then no other new-born babes in Zululand?" said Baleka, sitting up and speaking in a whisper like the hiss of a snake. "Hearken, Mopo! Is not your wife also in labour? Now hear me, Mother of the Heavens, and, my brother, hear me also. Think not to play with me in this matter. I will save my child or you twain shall perish. For I will tell the king that you came to me, the two of you, and whispered plots into my ear—plots to save the child and slay the king. Now choose, and swiftly!"

She sank back, there was silence, and we looked one upon another. Then Unandi spoke—

"Give me your hand, Mopo, and swear that you will be faithful to me in this secret, as I swear to you. A day may come when this child who has not seen the light shall be king in Zululand, and then in reward you shall be the greatest of the people, the king's voice, whisperer in the king's ear. But if you break your oath, then beware, for I will not die alone!"

"I swear, Mother of the Heavens," I answered.

"It is well, son of Makedama," said Baleka.

"It is well, my brother," said Baleka. "Now go and do that which must be done swiftly, for my sorrow is upon me. Go, knowing that if you fail I will be pitiless, for I will bring you to your death! Yes; even if my own death be the price!"

So I went. "Whither go you?" asked the guard at the gate.

"I go to bring my medicines, men of the king," I answered.

So I said; but, oh! my heart was heavy, and this was my plan—to fly far from Zululand. I could not, and I dared not do this thing. What? should I slay my own child that its life might be given for the life of the babe of Baleka? And should I lift up my will against the will of the king, saying that to look upon the sun which he had doomed to darkness? Nay, I would fly, leaving all, and seek out some far tribe where I might begin to live again. Here I could not live; here in the shadow of Chaka was nothing but death.

I reached my own huts, there to find that my wife Macrepha was delivered of twins. I sent away all in the hut except my other wife, Anadi, who eight days gone had borne me a son. The second of the twins was born; it was a boy, born dead. The first was a girl, she who lived to be Nada the

\* About 5,000 men.—Ed.



Beautiful, Nada the Lily. Then a thought came into my heart. Here was a path to run on.

"Give me the boy-babe," I said to Anadi. "He is not dead. Give him to me that I may take him outside the kraal and wake him to life by my medicine."

"It is of no use—the child is dead," said Anadi.

"Give him to me, woman!" I said fiercely, and she gave me the body.

Then I took him and wrapped him up in my bundle of medicines, and outside of all I rolled a mat of plaited grass.

"Suffer none to enter the hut till I return," I said; "and speak no word of the child that seems to be dead. If you suffer any to enter, or if you speak a word, then my medicine will not work and the babe will be dead indeed."

So I went, leaving the women wondering, for it is not our custom to save both when twins are born; but I ran swiftly to the gates of the Emporeni.

"I bring the medicines, men of the king!" I said to the guards.

"Pass in," they answered.

I passed through the gates and into the hut of Baleka. Unandi was alone in the hut with my sister.

"The child is born," said the mother of the king. "Look on him, Mopo, son of Makedama!"

I looked. He was a great child with large black eyes like the eyes of Chaka the king; and Unandi, too, looked at me.

"Where is it?" she whispered.

I loosed the mat and drew the dead child from the medicines, glancing round fearfully as I did so.

"Give me the living babe," I whispered back.

They gave it to me and I took of a drug that I knew and rubbed it on the tongue of the child. Now, this drug has the power to make the tongue it touches dumb for a while. Then, I wrapped up the child in my medicines and again bound the bundle round with the mat. But round the throat of the still-born babe I tied a string of fibre as though I had strangled it, and wrapped it loosely in a piece of matting. Now, for the first time I spoke to Baleka: "Woman," I said, "and thou also, Mother of the Heavens, I have done your wish, but know this, before all is finished this deed shall bring about the death of many. Be secret as the grave, for the grave yawns for you both."

I went again, bearing the mat containing the dead child in my right hand. But the bundle of medicines that held the living one I fastened across my shoulders. I passed out of the Emporeni, and, as I went, I hid up the bundle in my right hand to the guards, showing them that which was in it, but saying nothing.

"It is good," they said, nodding.

But now ill fortune found me, for just outside the Emporeni I met three of the king's messengers.

"Greeting, son of Makedama!" they said. "The king summons you to the Intunkulu"—that is the royal house, my father.

"Good!" I answered. "I will come now; but first I would run to my own place to see how it goes with Macropha, my wife. Here is that which the king seeks," and I showed them the dead child. "Take it to him if you will."

"That is not the king's word, Mopo," they answered.

"His word is that you should stand before him."

Now my heart turned to water in my breast. Kings have many curs. Could he have heard? And how dared I go before the Lion bearing his living child hidden on my back? Yet to waver was to be lost, to show fear was to be lost, to disobey was to be lost.

"Good! I come," I answered, and we walked to the gate of the Intunkulu.

It was sundown. Chaka was sitting in the little courtyard in front of his hut. I went down on my knees before him and gave the royal salute, *Dayile*, and so I stayed.

"Rise, son of Makedama!" he said.

"I cannot rise, Lion of the Zulu," I answered. "I cannot rise, having royal blood on my hands, till the king has pardoned me."

"Where is it?" he asked.

I pointed to the mat in my hand.

"Let me look at it."

Then I undid the mat, and he looked on the child, and laughed aloud.

"He might have been a king," he said, as he bade a councillor take it away. "Mopo, thou hast slain one who might have been a king. Art thou not afraid?"

"No, Black One," I answered, "the child is slain by order of one who is a king."

"Sit down, and let us talk," said Chaka, for his mood was ill. "To-morrow thou shalt have five oxen for this deed, thou shalt choose them from the royal herd."

"The king is good; he sees that my belt is drawn tight; he satisfies my hunger. Will the king suffer that I go? My wife is in labour and I would visit her."

"Nay, stay a while, say how is it with Baleka, my sister and thine?"

"It is well."

"Did she weep when you took the babe from her?"

"Nay, she wept not. She said, 'My lord's will is my will.'"

"Good! Had she wept she had been slain also. Who was with her?"

"The Mother of the Heavens."

The brow of Chaka darkened. "Unandi, my mother, what did she there? By myself I swear, though she is my mother—if I thought"—and he ceased.

There was a silence, then he spoke again. "Say, what is in that mat?" and he pointed with his little assegai at the bundle on my shoulders.

"Medicine, king."

"Thou dost carry enough to doctor an impi. Undo the mat and let me look at it."

Now, my father, I tell you that the marrow melted in my bones with fear, for if I undid the mat I feared he must see the child and then—

"It is *tuquti*, it is bewitched, O king. It is not well to look on medicine."

"Open!" he answered angrily. "What? may I not look at that which I am forced to swallow—I, who am the first of doctors?"

"Death is the king's medicine," I answered, lifting the bundle, and lying it as far from him in the shadow of the fence as I dared. Then I bent over it, slowly undoing the rimpis with which it was tied, while the sweat of terror ran down my face blinding me like tears. What should I do if he saw the child? What if the child awoke and cried? I would snatch the assegai from his hand and slay him! Yes, I would slay the king and then slay myself! Now the mat was unrolled. Inside were the brown leaves and roots of medicine; beneath them was the senseless babe wrapped in dead moss.

"Ugly stuff," said the king, taking snuff. "Now see, Mopo, what a good aim I have! This for thy medicine!" and he lifted his assegai to throw it through the bundle. But as he threw, my snake put it into the king's heart to sneeze, and thus it came to pass that the assegai only pierced the outer leaves of the medicine, and did not touch the child.

"May the heavens bless the king!" I said, according to custom.

"Thanks to thee, Mopo, it is a good omen," he answered. "And now begone! Take my advice: kill thy children, as I kill mine, lest they live to worry thee. The whelps of lions are best drowned."

I did up the bundle fast—fast, though my hands trembled. Oh! what if the child should wake and cry. It was done; I rose and saluted the king. Then I doubled myself up and passed from before him. Scarcely was I outside the gates of the Intunkulu when the babe began to squeak in the bundle. If it had been one minute before!

"What," said a soldier, as I passed, "have you got a puppy hidden under your moocha\*, Mopo?"

I made no answer, but hurried on till I came to my huts. I entered; there were my two wives alone.

"I have recovered the child, women," I said, as I undid the bundle.

Anadi took him and looked at him.

"The boy seems bigger than he was," she said.

"The breath of life has come into him and puffed him out," I answered.

"His eyes are not as his eyes were," she said again. "Now they are big and black, like the eyes of the king."

"My spirit looked upon his eyes and made them beautiful," I answered.

"This child has a birth-mark on his thigh," she said a third time. "That which I gave you had no mark."

"I laid my medicine there," I answered.

"It is not the same child," she said silently. "It is a foundling who will lay ill-luck at our doors."

Then I rose up in wrath and cursed her heavily, for I saw that if she were not stopped this woman's tongue would bring us all to ruin.

"Pence, witch!" I cried. "How dare you to speak thus from a lying heart? Do you wish to draw down a curse upon our roof? Would you make us all food for the king's spear? Say such words again, and you shall sit within the circle—the *ingundloco* shall know you for a witch!"

So I stormed on, threatening to bring her to death, till at length she grew fearful, and fell at my feet praying for mercy and forgiveness. But my heart was afraid because of this woman's tongue, and not without reason.

(To be continued.)

\* Girlie comp used of skin and tails of oxen.—Ed.

## MIORA.

### ROMANIAN BALLAD.

"Miora, dearest lamb of mine,  
Why wilt thou starve thyself and pine?  
These three long days thou dost not eat  
Or juicy grass or clover sweek."

"Tis that thy friends, for greed and spite,  
Design to murder thee this night,  
Dear master. Oh, then flee away  
Into the wood." "Miora, nay;

"But charge thou them to lay me by  
This wretched fold, where I may lie  
And hear my bleating lambs deplore,  
And true dogs barking evermore."

"And on my grassy grave be laid  
The three fair fates myself have made  
Of hidden wood, whose tones prevail  
Against the lark and nightingale."

"In the sweet hollow flutes at eve  
The wind melodiously will grieve,  
And all my lambs will hear, and think  
Of him who gave them food and drink."

"But if my mother come this way,  
Seeking for me, then must thou say,  
'To a far country did he fare,  
And wed a monarch's daughter there.'"

R. GARNETT.

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## THE GOODNESS OF BAD DINNERS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

In a lately published letter descriptive of the famine in Russia there were two passages which must have made a philosopher of many a full-fed Briton, for ten minutes at least. Bottles himself must have turned them over in his mind, as, silently facing Mrs. Bottles, he loaded his bit of fish upon his spoonful of soup, the cutlet on to the sole, and so forth. For these paragraphs in the news-letter dealt in a surprising way not only with famishing man but with famishing beast also; and that beast the sacred beast of Britain—the horse. What Bottles had read about some poor creatures on Count Tolstoi's estate was this: "They go without food every day till the hour when free dinner is served. They are fed twice a day, and this, together with the necessary fuel, costs from ninety-five kopecks to one rouble thirty kopecks per month per head." Now, the nominal value of the rouble is about two shillings; the exact price of the decanter of claret which Mrs. Bottles helped her good husband to finish. But yet more striking was the other passage, in which the letter-writer described the animals that drew him over apparently boundless wastes of snow. "The horses fairly astonished me. When I first saw them they forcibly reminded me of those pantomime donkeys which are composed of two men and a skin. But the manner in which they did their work was a revelation. So far as I know, during the four days' hard driving which they had with me they did not get any food whatsoever; and as to breathing them, that was never thought of." And the driver? "The driver was a lanky youth of about twenty, with keen laughing blue eyes, healthy canine teeth, and an expression of countenance which inspired respect. He was a perfectly healthy animal, possessing no nerves whatever, and living on next to nothing like his horses."

Although our author remarks that the way in which these horses did their work "was a revelation," he does not say what was revealed to him; neither does it appear from his narrative that he connected the revelation with the vigour and endurance of that perfectly healthy animal the driver. Yet man and horse told the same tale and taught the same lesson—the lesson that did us no good whatever when it was so loudly preached from the battle-fields in the Russo-Turkish war. Those Ottoman soldiers—villagers not long before—sturdily marched and fought for months together on a piece of black bread and a gourdful of water; hardening rather than weakening under that bleak regimen; and when they were wounded in so ghastly a way that your gallant Frenchman or your stout Briton would have died at the mere sight of himself similarly hacked, they were still able to march themselves off to the hospital, to be well mended in a month or thereabout. The Russian troika-driver, his horses, and those Turkish soldiers are all in a tale; and by stepping over to Ireland we may hitch into it some of the finest fellows on the face of the earth, whose diet is not quite enough of meal and roots. There we come upon our Russian traveller's revelation; this it is that made a temporary, confused philosopher of Bottles. Not plentiful beef and beer built up these hard-wearing men; but a plain, low diet, with frequent intervals of hunger. No long line of well-fed ancestors produced those troika-horses; the history of their forbears was all of scanty fare and strenuous work century after century. Hard wear and endurance of hunger was bred into them; and not less into the perfectly healthy animal who could live on next to nothing too, and who was so healthy an animal for that very reason. Much the same life had those Turkish soldiers lived—an outdoor peasant life, with a wholesomeness and hardness in them derived from centuries of frugality enforced by poverty, and of temperance by religion. That is why they were able to swing along by the side of the hospital wagons with a cigarette between their shattered jaws or with a bullet shifting, or seeming to shift, with every movement of their shoulders.

What a blessing it would be if all the Bottleses of civilised life, and all the superior persons of every grade who look down upon Bottles, would only learn how good a thing is a bad dinner! I do not mean by that a nasty dinner, but a poor dinner, a no-dinner, as B. calls it, when his evening repast in spring-cleaning week is a cut of mutton, a potato, and a pancake. The good, the multitudinous dinner, however unspeakable the mastery of him who cooked it, is (like multitudinous marriage) depraving both morally and physically. Not that it brings the double ill to all. Small moral damage does he incur who, sitting at good dinners, heeds the dishes very little, and the beauty and good-nature and bright talk of the people about him a great deal. Physical punishment is all that he endures, with some detractions of intellectual sprightliness and force concomitant therewith. But who learns to dwell upon the dishes, seeking their savours with a curious and avid sensuousness (and this many are proud that they can do) suffers moral privation as well; as they also who affect gastronomic discriminations and ecstasies which an honest dull palate permits them no knowledge of. It is the poor dinner, the no-dinner, that man was made for, or that has made man at his best and keeps him at his highest. No cooking can be too good; for the rest, the sauces cannot be too few, nor the dishes either; and that the physiologist will tell you if he comes of a simple generation and remains unembruted. Man is a machine formed by the consumption of simples during a thousand generations before a cookery-book of any kind was heard of, whether in Egyptian papyrus or Ninevite terra-cotta; and these have nothing to do with Bottles's ancestry, or mine, or the gentle reader's. We come of races which—formed upon a diet of nuts and roots and pulse and grain, with some banqueting like that of the North American hunter—were foreign to good dinners till the other day, and we are no fit receptacles for them yet. Nor by the history and constitution of our earthly tabernacles are they rightly fit even for the reception of the simple food appropriate to them till we have dug, tracked, hunted, or otherwise laboured afield for the same. And never to be hungry—it is most unnatural; and yet there are many so ignorant of their duty to themselves that they have never gone hungry in their lives, save by rare and much deplored accident.

The moral is that which Bottles found roving in his mind. If he wishes for himself and his posterity the troika-driver's hardihood, he should take to plain living at once; his dinner every day should be a no-dinner; but even though his sons and his sons' sons imitate him, they are not likely to be such perfect animals as the troika-driver, or our peasants in the North, with their diet of oatmeal food and milk and roots, and the weekly treat of flesh meat. And then to think of the dinners at one rouble thirty kopecks a head per month that could be provided out of the savings, if we would but do without one or two dishes which are the veriest stupidity of superfluity!



MR. HENRY IRVING  
*Cardinal Wolsey*

MR. BEAUMONT  
*Cardinal Campegius*



FORESTIER '02

MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE IN SHAKSPERE'S "HENRY VIII."—PRODUCED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, JAN. 5. 1892.

QUEEN KATHARINE: "I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope."





J. P. KEMBLE.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

MRS. SIDGONS.

"THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE" IN SHAKSPERE'S "HENRY VIII."

*From a Painting by G. H. H. W.*



## THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

BY ROBERT W. LOWE.

Mrs. Siddons has just made one of her most famous "points," and the theatre is ringing with the shouts of applause. It is probably her last appearance in her great part of Queen Katharine; but, excepting that her natural force is somewhat abated, and that she requires to be assisted to rise after kneeling to the King, there is no decay in the brilliancy of her acting, and her trumpet-tongued utterance of the words, "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak!" still thrills her audience through and through. The scene is that which is popularly termed the Trial of Queen Katharine. The Crier has summoned the Queen to come into court, and Sir Henry Guildford enters, preceding Katharine. He carries a cushion, which he lays down, and on which she kneels before the King. Then she speaks "most sweetly and graciously" her touching appeal for pity, for consideration, even for common fairness. She begs for the bare justice of delay till she, a stranger in the land, shall have time to consult her relatives and friends in Spain. But when she concludes, the answer comes, not from the King to whom she looks for sympathy and help, but from the wily and unscrupulous Cardinal whom she knows for her deadly foe. Wolsey replies that the Court is sufficient, and that there must be no delay, which speech Mrs. Siddons listens to with marked impatience and indignation, which change to surprise and grief when the other Cardinal, Campeius, speaks to the same purpose. On the speech of the latter she breaks in with the words, "Lord Cardinal!" and then pauses. Campeius, supposing that he is the person addressed, rises and comes forward; but Katharine waves him back imperiously, then, recollecting herself, makes him a gentle bow of apology, and immediately hurls at Wolsey in a voice of thunder the words, "To you I speak!"

To most of us it must have appeared that the painter of this famous scene had used some license in representing Mrs. Siddons as facing the footlights, and, indeed, actually looking away from the person whom she is addressing; but when Professor Fleeming-Jenkin published Professor Bell's minute and appreciative notes on Mrs. Siddons's playing of Queen Katharine, we found that the painter was strictly accurate in his representation of the arrangement of the scene. Professor Bell's note on this passage is: "When Campeius comes to her, she turns from him impatiently; then makes a sweet bow of apology, but dignified. Then to Wolsey, turned and looking from him, with her hand pointing back to him, in a voice of thunder, 'To you I speak!'" It is not very easy to understand how such a gesture, and a position so unnatural-looking, should be so effective; but there is absolutely no doubt possible as to the result. One of Mrs. Siddons's critics—James Hallantyne of Edinburgh—described it as "one of those unequalled pieces of acting by which she assists the barrenness of the text and fills up the meaning of the scene." He writes with enthusiasm of the grace and dignity of her mute apology to Campeius, and adds: "No language can possibly convey a picture of majesty glowing with scorn, contempt, anger, and the terrific pride of innocence, when she turns round to Wolsey and exclaims, 'To you I speak!'" Her form seems to expand, and her eye to burn with a fire beyond human. Borden, too, in his memoir of the great actress, is warm in his commendation. "The commanding air, look, and tone," he writes, "with which she called upon her enemy excited a delightful astonishment."

This extraordinarily effective division of the simple words—

Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak.

originated with Mrs. Siddons, and, no doubt, was her own idea; although, as Borden says, it looked more in the subtle style of her brother's understanding than the more manly plainness of her own. Her biographer goes on to say that the sway and balance of the figure which accompanied these words were a study for the artist which, fortunately, was not neglected, and he terms his young friend Harlow's picture "the most effective scene that was ever transferred from the stage to the canvas."

Borden's young friend, George Henry Harlow, although not a very steady or particularly reputable individual, was undoubtedly a genius at portrait-painting, and this large quasi-historical composition, "The Trial of Queen Katharine," had its origin in a commission for a portrait. It seems that Mr. Welch, the musician, was anxious to have a portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine, and asked Harlow to paint it. He commenced the picture from his memory of the great actress, but, at Mr. Welch's request, she gave him a sitting. Somehow the original idea was expanded, and the result was that, instead of a portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the injured Queen, Harlow painted the scene in which she made her most striking effect in that character. I have said that the picture shows Mrs. Siddons in her last days. It was painted some five years after her formal retirement from the stage, an event which took place when Harlow was only four-and-twenty. But she played Queen Katharine twice in the year 1816—once for Charles Kemble's benefit and once for the Theatrical Fund—and I have no doubt that these appearances suggested to Harlow the subject of his picture, and gave him the necessary opportunities of studying the arrangement of the stage.

The "Trial Scene," which measured 63 in. by 85 in., was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1817, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Morrison, of Basilston Park, by whom it was lent to the recent Guelph Exhibition. The mezzotint by George Clint was published in 1819.

It is interesting to know that the composition of the work owes something to Fuseli, who was sitting to Harlow for his portrait at the time he was at work on the "Trial Scene." Fuseli expressed himself very well satisfied with the general arrangement of the picture; but pointed out, as a defect, that in the whole composition there was not one leg or foot shown. "Now," said he, "if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you;" and he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow accordingly altered the whole arrangement of the foreground, and, it is said, on Fuseli's recommendation, introduced the two boys who are lifting the cushion from which the Queen has risen. Indeed, it seems to me almost certain—from the marked superiority of the drawing—that the figure of the boy nearest the spectator is entirely Fuseli's work.

In addition to Mrs. Siddons, the picture shows as John Philip Kemble in his famous part of Wolsey, Charles Kemble as Cromwell, and Stephen Kemble as the King. The other characters are of little interest. Blanchard, who actually played Bishop Gardiner, is there; Conway, the tallest of

actors, and Kitty Stephens; but the rest are portraits of the painter and his friends, some of them, as Knyvett, Parke, and Cramer, musicians. It is unfortunate that Harlow should not have given us portraits of the players whom he saw acting the characters he has represented, and so made his work complete and authoritative. But this is its only fault theatrically, and against it we must put its surpassing merit, which Genest thus sums up: "From this print any person who has not seen Mrs. Siddons may form a better idea of her figure, face, and manner than from any description which could be given of them in words."

## SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, K.C.B.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

During the last week we lost one who for the greater part of the present century has stood among the foremost in the ranks of distinguished Englishmen. In Sir George Airy, the ex-Astronomer Royal and past President of the Royal Society, science has sustained a loss none the less great because of late years—he died at the ripe age of ninety—he has been enjoying a dignified and well-earned repose.

Entering the University of Cambridge at the age of eighteen as a sizar, he soon gave evidence of the stuff of which he was made, and, after being elected to a scholarship in the year 1822, he graduated in 1823 as Senior Wrangler, and obtained a Fellowship at his college (Trinity) in the following year.

His special aptitude for astronomical pursuits soon showed itself, and he published about this time many papers on such subjects as "The Lunar and Planetary Theories," "The Figure of the Earth," and "The Undulatory Theory of Optics." He was appointed in 1826 to the Lucasian Professorship of Experimental Science, which had for a long time been little

that arose from the simultaneous discovery of the planet by Adams and Le Verrier will long be remembered, but this is not the place to refer at length either to it or to Sir George Airy's ideal of a national observatory.

Between 1833 and 1848 the Astronomer-Royal was occupied with a vast work suggested by Bessel; this was nothing less than the reduction of the Greenwich lunar and planetary observations made since 1750; the task was long and tedious, but the results which were obtained helped considerably to correct the tables of the motions of the moon and planets. But, besides all the daily work and the responsibility of keeping continuous record of solar, lunar, and stellar observations, his labours were not solely confined to these more routine duties of his office. Even as early as the year 1842 he recognised the importance of solar eclipses, making a journey to Turin to observe the total eclipse visible there. Gotthenburg, in Sweden, was also visited by him in 1851 with the same object. He established the principle of Government assistance in 1860, and organised in that year the famous expedition that went out in H.M.S. Himalaya to Spain, an expedition rendered memorable by the wonderful photographs of the eclipse taken by the lamented De la Rue. For nearly half a century he was practically the science officer of the Crown, advising the Government on nearly every scientific question of general interest; for this, of course, unlike the law officers, he received nothing. In the year 1834, when the fire at the Houses of Parliament destroyed all the old standards of weights and measures, he was elected chairman of a committee appointed to consider the general question of standards and the construction of new ones.

Among other public measures, he advocated the use of decimal coinage. Some of the instruments for use in the Ordnance Survey were designed by him, and he conducted the preliminary observations for fixing the boundary between Canada and the United States. The dropping of time-balls for the use of navigators was also first started by him, and he considerably fostered the manufacture of chronometers by the tests of their performances which he introduced. Many other questions also received his attention, of which we may mention the deviation of the mariner's compass, which resulted in a method of correction which was universally adopted, the fixing of the gauge of railways, and a determination of the mean density of the earth.

In a short notice like the present, it is, it will be seen, a difficult matter to tell of all the things by which not only our nation but the world at large is the better for the labours of the life which is now ended. It may, in conclusion, be pointed out that these labours were tardily recognised by our Government by a C.B.E. in 1871, when he had been thirty-six years Astronomer-Royal; this was followed by a K.C.B. in the following year. But long before this all the Academies of Europe had elected him among their foreign members; he was one of the eight foreign Associates of the Institute of France, which is the highest scientific honour an Englishman can receive.

## ART NOTES.

*The Portfolio* 1891. (London: Seely and Co.)—The annual collection of the year's publications under this title has the double merit of being at once an attractive gift-book and a valuable work of reference to the year's art and literature of art. The editor, Mr. P. G. Hamerton, takes the lead in his papers on the present state of the Fine Arts in France, to which reference has already been made. Mr. Walter Armstrong returns to that very attractive mystery of the studios—Johannes Ver Meer of Delft—who for so many generations had no recognised existence in the history of Dutch art until M. Bürger started the critics and connoisseurs upon his trail. Mr. F. G. Stephens contributes an interesting paper on a phase of William Hunt's art which is little known; Miss Sophia Deale writes appreciatively on Madame Vigée Le Brun, whose life, like that of so many other women of talent, was nearly wrecked by her marriage with a fashionable spendthrift; and Mr. J. Leyland contributes a series of articles on Derbyshire, which are at once learned and readable. All these are illustrated in excellent style, some of the etchings, such as those of Admiral Pulido Pareja, after the Velasquez portrait, Madame Vigée Le Brun and her daughter, and the reproduction of Rembrandt's etching of "The Jewish Bride" are of themselves sufficient to give the volume a high value in the eyes of connoisseurs, and to make it at once a useful and attractive gift-book.

One of the most successful portraits in the Academy Exhibition last year was Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's portrait of Mr. Walter Gilbey, presented to him by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Hackney Horse Society, and in recognition of the services he had rendered to draught-horse breeding. The picture was not only eminently happy in its likeness of the sitter, but displayed qualities which placed it in the first rank of the portraits of the year. It has now been etched by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., in a manner worthy of the original work, which, from its arrangement, gave the etcher special opportunities for the display of his well-known powers in chiaroscuro effects. The etching (published by Messrs. Yokins, Great Portland Street) will more than satisfy the friends and admirers of Mr. Walter Gilbey, and will become a lasting memorial in the homes of many lovers of horses by whom Mr. Gilbey's services will be cordially recognised.

Sculpture would stand a better chance of true appreciation in this country if a custom recognised at Rome and elsewhere were adopted here. It is absolutely impossible to judge fairly of a sculptor's work under the conditions imposed by restricted space at Burlington House. For this reason we appreciate the effort made by Mr. J. Nelson MacLean to bring together in his studio in Bruton Street those works interested in this branch of art. Among the many attractive works on view there the most vigorous is a colossal statue of the Hon. P. Lalor, to be erected in bronze at Ballarat, where, in the early days of gold-mining in Australia, he lost an arm while leading a revolt against the police. Mr. Lalor subsequently became Speaker of the Victoria House of Assembly, and is represented in his robes of office, which contrast strongly with the empty sleeve. An ideal figure—"Water Lilies"—gives a good example of the sculptor's powers in a more poetic line. The modelling of the reclining figure is in all respects admirable; and, although one fails to understand the almost ad expression given to the face, it is impossible not to admire its delicate beauty. Mr. Nelson MacLean has shown himself on various occasions a successful portraitist in marble, but perhaps his chief claim to our recognition is the fixity of purpose with which he maintains classical traditions and supports the best side of the modern Italian school.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, K.C.B., FORMERLY ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.



## LITERATURE.

## IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS.\*

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

"I know of nothing," says Mr. Archer, "that need be said in the way of preface to 'Hedda Gabler'—of nothing, indeed, that can be said without trenching upon criticism." It is equally true that nothing can be said about Ibsen's work as a whole, or about any part of it, without opening up the entire subject of the legitimacy or illegitimacy of his methods, the worth or unworth of his art. All critical philosophy is implicated in any judgment that can be passed upon this writer—nay, more, he seems to demand a new criticism in response to his new creation. Old canons, accepted theories, applied to him, become pedantries of literary law; tradition snaps short in his hands; he himself convenes the court by which he is to be tried. The plays themselves, too, defy conventional classification (I am speaking of the "modern dramas" which are his characteristic achievement). Their diction, their details, their general setting, are akin to comedy; their elements, for the most part, are more profoundly tragic than the sorrows or crimes of any "buskined stage" known to history. The terrible ludicrousness of life—that is their prevailing theme: the awful helplessness of individual will—that is the salient note of their monotonously insistent burden. "Morbid—unwholesome—he tells us of nothing but what it is the business of art to forget"; this will be one reader's verdict. "But is what he tells us true?—is he faithful to the facts of life?" says another; "and if so, who are you that presume to prescribe to the dramatist what side of life he shall depict? what aspects of it he shall ignore?" And this brings us to the root and core of the whole matter. If the ultimate end of art is beauty of some sort—whether moral or spiritual, or merely æsthetic beauty—he is not an artist. He shows us little but the ugliness of things; the colour seems to fade out of the sunset, the perfume seems to perish from the rose, in his presence. But if power and impressiveness are their own justification, Ibsen is justified; for whatever else he may or may not be, he is powerful, he is impressive. To those enthusiasts, however, who would place him on an equality with the greatest dramatists, sane and sober criticism can only reply, "No; this narrow intensity of vision, this preoccupation with a part of existence, is never the note of the masters: they deal with life; he deals only with death-in-life. They treat of society; he treats only of the rottenness of society. Their subject is human nature—his, human disease." And, in truth, his purview is partial and fragmentary. In the palace of life his concern is with the skeleton-carpenter alone; or, if he looks out upon the landscape, his attention is at once monopolised by a dead dog putrifying under the window. One's creed may not be that of amiably easy optimists like Leigh Hunt, who wrote—

Good is as hundreds, evil is one,  
Round about goeth the golden sun.

But one may, nevertheless, recognise the fact that piecemeal vision is sure to bear false witness, and that there is really no truth except the whole truth. The masters of literature are universal explorers and adventurers; they do not deliberately beat about for ever in a little creek or inlet, and call that navigating the world. Literature, properly, has not anything to do with the sort of burrowing specialism which is Ibsen's strength and weakness. Goethe has been called "physician of the Iron Age," but he was not a physician whose interest in therapeutics was limited to the treatment of consumption or cancer. Artists like Ibsen turn the House of Life into a moral hospital, and see nothing in men and women but interesting "cases."

For my own part, however, I am glad to have read Ibsen, if only because he sends me back to a new zest to the masters who saw life steadily, and saw it whole. The sunshine seems brighter than ever, the breeze has quite an unfamiliar freshness, when one emerges from these dark rooms and this close air. There is really something too wilful in the persistency with which Ibsen draws down the blinds and closes the ventilators. Dante, says Petrarch in Landor's "Pentameron," "had that splenetic temper which seems to grudge brightness to the flames of hell"; and Ibsen, too, is like that—though he finds his hell nearer than Dante did. That his own aim is passionately moral I do not doubt; but wisdom, it seems to me, lies somewhere midway between this determined pessimism and the contrary spirit which is for ever singing, "God is in his heaven—all's right with the world." All is *not* right with the world; but, then, neither is all wrong with the world, as Ibsen would apparently have us believe. In the way he closes and wrestles with life's problems he gives us an impression of huge and savage strength; there is something gigantic about the proportions of the man; but he is a one-eyed giant, a Cyclops of ethics and art.

He seems to me greatest in such a play as "The Pillars of Society," because there the theme is a noble one—the ultimate freeing of a human soul from fetters that seem to have grown incorporate with its essence; and the way in which a frustrated crime—virtually, in morals, though not actually, in realisation, a murder—prepares the way for the criminal's eventual restoration to nobility and to himself, is a conception not more audacious than powerful. The gathering-in of events, their cumulation and convergence towards one supreme height of action and goal of fate, have all the elements of what De Quincey called "the moral sublime." And when Ibsen has a truly great idea to work upon, the dignity of his subject keeps his execution at a comparatively high level. In "Hedda Gabler" on the other hand, where the fundamental conception is altogether worthless, he falls into the crudest banalities of detail and workmanship. Tesman is quite too absurd, and his abject prostration before Hedda is almost a dramatic incredibility. Ibsen's gifts are great, but a sense of humour and a sense of proportion are not among them. The former would have spared us the infliction of characters that are farcical without being amusing; the latter would have saved the dramatist from the blunder of peopling his stage with mere demon-puppets, extravagant personifications of gratuitous hate and rage.

\* Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by William Archer. 5 vols. (Walter Scott, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

## THE THREE CRUIKSHANKS.

*The Cruikshankian Mosaic.* By the Three Cruikshanks. (John G. Nimmo.)—It was a happy thought to bring together specimens of the work of three draughtsmen so differently endowed as the three Cruikshanks, and to show how far their peculiarities of thought and treatment were hereditary. It is scarcely possible to glance through this volume without recognising that "glorious George" was in truth little more than "old Isaac," improved by special training and thrown in contact with artists and humourists. "Old Isaac," who had in early life been a follower of the Young Pretender by all accounts, only took to art in its humblest form under pressure of circumstances. His style, if he had any, was moulded on that of Gillray, and he made himself known as the defender of Pitt against the bitter attacks of that caricaturist. On the Irish question, however, Cruikshank turned against the author of "The Act of Union," although later he returned to his allegiance to the Tory party. The present volume, however, contains only his social sketches; and these, although generally rough and overstrained, reveal occasionally—as, for instance, in the figure of the fishwife illustrating George Colman's song "The Barber's Wedding"—very considerable sense of beauty and pose. One of the best specimens of Isaac's

political controversies of the day, and deserves to be known as one of the first to attack the protective duties on corn and the taxes which at the close of the war and for some years afterwards weighed so heavily on the poorer classes. He worked in conjunction with his father for some years, and in after life, when he had become an ardent apostle of temperance, it must have annoyed him to recollect that one of his earliest works was an illustration for Captain Morris's celebrated drinking song, "Sound Philosophy," of which the refrain was—

And this, I think, 's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

It is not, however, in his Bacchanal or anti-Bacchanal sketches that George Cruikshank is to be seen at his best. He required a free field for his imagination, and even the mixture of some pathos—for probably his illustrations to "Oliver Twist" were the first in which he revealed his full powers. The present volume reproduces with great fidelity the coloured drawings of the three Cruikshanks; but the taste for such harsh contrasts has gone by, and we cannot but think both the father and the younger son were more successful in black and white, of which one or two excellent examples are here given as tail-pieces.

The illustration annexed, which shows George Cruikshank at about the best moment of his career, was designed for four comic songs by the well-known Grattan Cooke, for many years popular as a composer, a song writer, and an instrumentalist.



George Cruikshank.

LA BAGATELLE.

FOUR COMIC SONGS.

1840.

(Mr. Duval,  
The Black Mare.

(Medical Consolation,  
A Fine Stroke at Billiards.

By G. Cooke.

powers of composition is in the mail-coach piled with human beings illustrating the song of "True Blue; or, All Alive at Portsmouth," a popular song sung by Dogget in 1799. It was Isaac Cruikshank, too, who illustrated Captain Morris's once well-known verses on "Country Life," of which perhaps only the last two are now remembered, without any recognition of their original source—

If I must have a villa in London to dwell,  
Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall!

Robert, the elder of Isaac's two sons, began life as a midshipman in the East India Company's service, attracted to seafaring life by Dibdin's and other nautical songs which his father was constantly illustrating. He, however, soon gave up the navy and took to art, but without achieving any marked success. Robert's best designs were those made for Cumberland's British Theatre, for which he had probably qualified himself by scene-painting; and he was at one time employed in illustrating the comic broadsides of the day, which were distinguished rather by the breadth than the delicacy of their humour. The only specimen of his unaided powers given in this volume is in "The Irish Duel," a song written by F. Dibdin and sung at Drury Lane Theatre in 1816; but the illustration is not a favourable test of the designer. And in another picture, "Irish Hospitality," we have an instance of the joint work of the two brothers.

George Cruikshank was the youngest as well as the ablest of the trio, and by his careful work raised the art of caricature to a higher level than it had attained since the days of Hogarth. Like his father, he threw himself with ardour into the

He was, moreover, a bond of union between the fast receding past and the fleeting present of literature and art. He brought George Sala in contact with George Cruikshank, and helped onwards Watts Phillips in his career as artist and dramatist. Of the four songs making up "La Bagatelle," "Mr. Duval"—which turns upon Lord Chesterfield's advice to inquire the name of the person one is addressing—was the only one which attained popularity.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Hard Life in the Colonies, and Other Experiences by Sea and Land." Now first printed. Compiled from private letters by G. Carlyon Jenkins. (F. Fisher Unwin.)
- "A North Country Comedy," by M. Betham-Edwards. (Henry and Co.)
- "The Flower and the Star, and Other Stories for Children." Written and Illustrated by W. J. Linton. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "Select Poems of Burns," edited by Andrew Lang. (Penguin Library. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
- "The Word of the Lord upon the Waters," Sermons delivered by His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, 1890 and 1891. (William Heinemann.)
- "Across Tibet," by G. Bonvalot. Two vols. (Cassell.)
- "The Rosicrucian and the Apology," by Charles Churchill. Edited by Robert W. Lowe. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "Hospitals and Asylums of the World," by Henry C. Burdett. Two vols. (J. and A. Churchill, 11, New Burlington Street.)
- "The Tragic Comedians," by George Meredith. New Edition. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)





SEASONABLE!—BY C. T. GARLAND.





INSURRECTION IN MOROCCO: THE SULTAN'S TAX-GATHERER IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF THE RIFF COUNTRY.



## GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

Everyone who reads the daily papers has read of Maupassant's attempted suicide and the lamentable condition, physical and mental, in which he is now lying. His illness has been ascribed to overwork, drugs, and the various excesses of fast living. His case is sensational, he is the man of the hour, and I have been asked to write something about him. Of the five writers who grouped themselves around Zola and contributed to the volume entitled "*Les Soirées de Médan*," Maupassant is the one I know least well. I only met him, I think, on three occasions—once at Zola's, once in his own rooms, once at a masked ball, and it was only on the second of these occasions that I had any continuous conversation with him. It must be about eight years ago. He had just published his first novel, "*Une Vie*," in my opinion his best book—the book of his that will live, if any live. Although desperately faulty in construction, it contains some of the best pages he has written—that is to say, some of the best pages in modern literature, pages overflowed with tenderness, wit, and with pathos. There are scenes in "*Une Vie*" which are unforgettable, and it contains his two best-drawn characters. The book had made a deep impression upon me, and I was glad to talk to Maupassant about it. But though he still stood on the threshold of his first success, he was already tired. He complained of his eyes in a somewhat affected manner, and disavowed any interest whatsoever in literature. He spoke of literature almost with disdain, and seemed to incline to the belief that yachting in the Mediterranean was more sensible and—well, I hardly know, but even at this distance of time I remember that I felt that all was not quite right with this broad-shouldered, thick-set, vulgar, and dingy little man. I think I was conscious that some evil end must await one who so evilly denied—and, no doubt, for some strange reason hidden deep down in his nature—his own birthright and the very *raison d'être* of his existence. There was something in his way of speech that set aloft suspicion. I remember giving Zola an account of my visit. "I do not believe," he said, "that a man of letters can despise literature like that without literature taking revenge on him sooner or later." The words struck me at the time as prophetic, and helped to keep alive in my memory the note of mean dingy cynicism which had caught on my ear in my interview with Maupassant. I remember that Maupassant did not strike me as an intellectual force, but it did not appear to me that M. de Maupassant was wilfully speaking below his level. If he did not speak well he spoke without difficulty, rising to the level attained in his preface to "*Pierre et Jean*"; and to estimate Maupassant's brain power at its exact value, we have only to compare this preface with any one of Zola's prefaces, or with Goncourt's preface to "*Chérie*." We talked, I should say, for about an hour, and the impression that his conversation left was of a strangely clear but strictly limited intelligence, incapable of general views. Of the opinions he expressed I remember no single shred; but here is an anecdote—I give it for what it is worth. He told me that he had finished the plan, some sixty or seventy pages, and was about to start writing the book which he intended to call "*Bel-Ami*." He told me the plot, and I said, "But I have written that book, and I published it last year in London, under the title of '*A Modern Lover*.'" Maupassant replied, "That does not matter, my book will be quite different from yours." Maupassant was right; both books are quite different. I only regret the difference did not save me from being accused of plagiarising from "*Bel-Ami*." The charge has been put forward more than once, notably in the *Revue Bleue*, and the ingenious writer in that review accused me of plagiarising from Zola's

"*L'Œuvre*": "There is one scene," the writer said, "which leaves no doubt that an intentional plagiarism has been committed." I addressed a letter to the editor pointing out the fact that "*A Modern Lover*" was published two years before "*Bel-Ami*" and five years before "*L'Œuvre*," and received the astonishing reply from the gentleman in charge of that periodical, that "those who seek publicity must bear the consequences."

Since the days of "*Bel-Ami*," M. de Maupassant has acquired a world-wide reputation; and it is come to be seriously debated if he is a great novelist. Now, as all great novelists have written a great novel, it is not impertinent to ask what great novel has M. de Maupassant written? We find that he has attempted to write novels; to be more

the general conception of the sea Zola's, and are not the phrases merely a somewhat thin mixture of Zola and Flaubert? Are not the descriptions of the home life wanting in accent? Do we receive any special impression from these pages? Is it not the usual naturalistic gravy well watered and gone a little cold? Is Pierre's state of mind when he begins to suspect his mother of having had a lover, and that the fortune that has come to Jean comes to him because he is the natural son of the dead man, very real? Are we for one instant brought face to face with Pierre's soul? Do Pierre's meditations contain any unexpected or original thought? Would not the ordinary writer, given the situation, have written very much as Maupassant has written? Think how Balzac or Turgeneff would have treated the situation.

Would they not have seen deeper into the heart? Would they not have found sensations more true, and therefore more unexpected? These pages are not only deficient in insight, they contain a grave technical error. We ask ourselves if the author wishes us to believe that Pierre's grief is real, or the result of jealousy of his younger brother? M. de Maupassant hardly attempts to dissect the conflict between these two emotions, and it would be precisely in this conflict that Flaubert or Turgeneff would find the new and unexpected truth. There are five characters in this book; they all act with exceeding naturalness; therein lies Maupassant's strength; but something more is required to create character—character of soul, character of body, character of dress—and it is precisely in this something wherein lies Maupassant's weakness. This something is beyond him, it escapes him as completely as it escapes the most ordinary novelist, even as it escapes M. Sardou and Georges Ohnet.

Narrative is not everything, and M. de Maupassant has nothing else; but narrative is nearly everything in the short story, and there Maupassant is admirable. But he does not excel even in the short story all other writers; he does not come within measurable distance of Turgeneff, and if I were writing in a monthly review and not in a weekly newspaper, I could prove that what I say is true. In the short story his style is, however, his own. He sees truly, he sees grossly—above all, he sees clearly. His sight is double that of the ordinary man, but it is not more rare in quality; hence his popularity. The Maupassant glass suits all eyes; it enables all to see more distinctly what they saw before, but no one acquires further knowledge of the objects at the end of the glass; he can trace a few contours more easily with the glass than without it, that is all. All literature not based upon general ideas falls of necessity into the second rank, and the philosophical reflections which disfigure, while they lengthen, M. de Maupassant's pages are just sufficient to induce in the middle classes a momentary belief that they

are capable of thinking; hence I say again the popularity of Maupassant. *Va là la critique brutale, mais exacte*, and with such defects do you think that his novels, or even his stories, fall as they are of all the charms of simplicity, truth, and directness, will survive—that any single volume will be read fifty years hence?

The rental of farms owned by one of the chief London hospitals is now quoted as but £26,000 per annum, against £40,000 received a dozen years ago.

Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., who was to have lectured at Kennington on Jan. 30 on the Channel Tunnel, was unable to attend, owing to a severe attack of sciatica and rheumatism.

The Queen has, it is said, presented some handsome stained glass windows to the Protestant Church at Grasse, in which district her Majesty spent her last year's Continental holiday.

The Medical Battery Company has erected a very fine model house at the Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It contains a unique collection of electro-medical apparatus and appliances.



GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

explicit, we find that he has elongated, and with obvious difficulty, some of his subjects for short stories until they come to fill the number of pages requisite for a book which could be sold for three francs fifty. Therefore, his novels present the appearance of a victim who has been terribly distended on the rack—in places the bones have been pulled out of their sockets, and muscles have been torn and mangled; I cannot pursue the simile further, for we find in the novels portions of sound flesh and some exquisite anatomy, in which every organ is healthy and in perfect working order. And these parts of the story are exactly the parts which would have stood as they now stand if circumstances had permitted him to follow the tale to its natural length of forty, instead of forcing him to distend it to its unnatural length of two hundred and forty pages. What is really vital in "*Pierre et Jean*" are the scene between the two brothers, and the scene which follows between Jean and his mother. Do the descriptions amount to much? Is not



## THE ROYAL LOTTO IN ITALY.

The Governmental Lotto is the malediction, and at the same time the disgrace, of the Italian State, which makes itself the keeper and protector of one of the worst forms of gambling, while in its penal codex it punishes severely whoever keeps a locality for the playing of games of hazard. The State, it would appear, desires to hold the monopoly of the gambling vice. Every week in the various cities of Milan, Naples, Turin, Venice, Florence, Bari, Palermo, and Rome are extracted on Saturday afternoon, at the same hour throughout the kingdom, five numbers out of ninety, which are contained in an urn. At the ceremony of extraction are present according to law a delegate from the Prefecture who represents the executive power, the public prosecutor as representative of the judicial authorities, and an agent of finance to represent the Treasury. A young boy of as tender an age as it is possible to find, and never the same twice over, dressed in limpid white, extracts the numbers, which are at once telegraphed to all the various cities, towns, and boroughs of the Peninsula, so that it is possible for the Italian nation freely to gamble from eight different centres. Now, besides the fact that it is surely highly immoral that the State should thus encourage and incite its citizens to gamble, it is not even honest in the keeping of its promises, because these are below the calculation made on probabilities. For example, every number extracted up to ninety should be paid eighty-nine times the value of the stake, as is customary at Monte Carlo. The Italian Government gives much less, and, besides this, if the gain is great, it is burdened with a duty of 13 and 20 per cent., which corresponds to our income tax. The extraction of two numbers played, called an ambo, should be paid 409 times the stake; instead of which it is only paid 270 times. Of a fact, the combination of ninety numbers at two by one is 4095. Now, ten ambi can be made with five numbers; therefore the honest rule would be to pay the winner four hundred and a half times the stake. The combination of terni and quaterni (three and four), being yet more difficult, should be paid at a higher rate. Instead, the Government assures itself against these chances by paying several times less than would result from ordinary calculation. To give an idea of the harm done by the Lotto to the poorer classes, it is but necessary to state that it returns to the Government 70,000,000*l.* a year, and the injury is even greater than these figures show, when it is borne in mind that the costs of extraction and incidental expenses absorb two thirds of the sums played, which means that the poor, in the hope of

and offer their clients various combinations of ambo and terno, it is not astonishing that now and again one of these is drawn. In that case the reputation of the man is made; he is held to be a wizard, is besieged with demands, and some years ago the case arose that a friar, asked to give numbers to two people, and refusing to do so, was so violently benten by them that he died, and the matter had to be brought into court. There is not a book in Italy whose sale is more sure than that of "The Book of Dreams." It is a perennial source of riches to its publisher.

The Lotto is a disgrace to the Government in two ways. On the one hand, because of the ignorance and immorality which it propagates in this manner; in the second place, because the State not rarely accords a lottery office as a national recompense to some worthy citizen who has seen better days. The citizen, in his turn, farms out the office to a person willing under certain conditions to work the concern for the profit of these gentle folks. It is sufficiently ugly that the Lotto should be called Regal, and thus rank on a par with the Army and Navy; but it is yet uglier that betwixt the miserable poor and the State as banker should often stand a veteran adherent of the Crown who profits by this nefarious traffic. Thus the Lotto, in the hands of the State, becomes a system for favouring and rewarding its faithful servants, and, up to a certain point, also a weapon of corruption. It is no rare case that a Lotto office is given in recompense for electoral services or for all those various forms of support which a citizen can give to those who govern. When it is borne in mind that the Lotto has its offices in all the larger boroughs of Italy, and that this is the manner in which it is managed, it is easy to conceive what depths upon depths of infamy and corruption it brings in its train.

The history of the Lotto in Italy and abroad is not without interest. The State Lotto, in its present form, took birth in the Two Sicilies in 1682, whence it passed to the Republic of Genoa, but under a slightly varied form, and was called "the weekly game," a name which it preserves to this day in the Genoese dialect. Carlo Emanuele imitated the Neapolitan Lotto in his States of Savoy and Piedmont, but Vittorio Amedeo abolished it by decree in 1713. This was repealed a few years after, and the Lotto became so popular that in 1793 it returned to the Piedmontese Exchequer about 12,000,000 of francs, in a population which hardly surpassed 2,000,000. Milan imitated Genoa; Venice also introduced the Lotto in 1735. Padua and Modena in 1765. Tuscany was exempt from the Lotto during the reign of the house of Medici, and in the year 1737 Francis II. of Lorraine threatened with torture those who played in it. Two years afterwards the same Grand Duke adopted it as a mode of State usury in the form demanded by the neighbouring provinces. Pope Innocent XIII. permitted the Lotto in the States of the Church, conceding it as a privilege to certain bankers. Benedict XIII. withdrew the privilege, and forbade the game. Clement XII. reallowed it, under the condition that the gains should be paid with an augmentation of 80 per cent., and that the profits should be absolutely expended in charity. After him, the Lotto became an integral part of the taxes of the State, and as such remained until the abolition of the Temporal Power. This Italian malediction passed from the land of its origin into other countries, and the famous Casanova, when he went to France, proposed to M. de Boulogne, Controller of the Finances, that he should introduce the Lotto in that country. The novelty of the matter attracted the French, and at the first extraction there was produced a net profit of 600,000,000*fr.* It is, however, to be seen that the French did not believe much in the Lotto, for in 1789 it did not render more than 9,000,000*fr.* a year to the State—that is to say, a third less than in the Sardinian State, although the population of France is about nine times that of the kingdom of Sardinia. The game of Lotto was violently condemned by the Constitutional Assembly, and, in fact, Talleyrand himself wrote a pamphlet against it. In 1793, although France was at the time in financial difficulties, the Convention abolished the Lotto. The Consulate reinstated it, the Empire retained it, and so did the Bourbons. The Liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, from the year 1827 onwards, annually demanded the abolition of the Lotterie de France; and in 1836 it was definitely abolished for ever. It is fair to state that the profits there had in the meantime been in steady diminution, for the sagacious spirit of the French had discovered how much the Government traded upon the public ignorance.

It is necessary to distinguish between Lotto and Lotteries. The latter, less immoral, are also an Italian institution, and were carried



VENICE IN LONDON: FONTE CARLO ZENO AND LANDING PLACE.

into France by Catherine de Medici when she wedded the Dauphin.

There was a time in Italy when the thoughts of its rulers oscillated between the abolition of two taxes. In 1566, when the Left was in power, it was on their programme to abolish the grist tax. Quintino Sella, who was certainly the most clear-sighted among the men of the Right, suggested that instead of the grist tax the national shame of the Lotto should be abolished. His proposition was not even taken into consideration. Marco Minghetti had once incidentally remarked some years before that the Lotto is the "Ricchezza mobile" of the South. The phrase no doubt contained a truth, but that it should have been uttered is a perpetual shame to that statesman. It is difficult for a foreigner to form an idea of the moral damage which the Lotto exercises over the lower classes, who deprive themselves even of bread in order to play, going so far that the sick in the hospitals will sell their medicines in order to join in the weekly game. The very prisoners play, and the guardians lend their aid because there is a prejudice that prisoners are good clairvoyants of lucky numbers.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



VENICE IN LONDON: A SERVANT AT THE RESTAURANT.

gaining, pour into the cash-box of this authorised gambling hell about 200,000,000*fr.*

The provinces in which the Lotto is most in vogue are those of the south, where ignorance is greater and poverty more manifest. Industrious Lombardy and close-fisted Liguria play little; the Veneto, the Neapolitan provinces, and Sicily play rabidly. Statistics have proved that the poor people carry to the pawn-shops, also under Government supervision, even their most necessary possessions, their very beds on Thursdays and Fridays, in order to be able to take part on Saturday mornings at the Royal Lotto, and the little economies of these poor folk are all swallowed up in the abyss of the lottery office. It is a sad fact that even the most respectable and most diffused newspapers in Italy contain advertisements in which it is stated that in return for a small sum, to be sent to the advertiser in postage stamps, he will reveal numbers of terno and quaterno which are certain to win at the next extraction. It is strange that in Italy, where the penal codex contains such severe laws against gamblers, and against all who incite to games of chance, no one has ever brought a law-suit against those knaves who make it their business to promise gains they absolutely cannot produce. Usually these cabalists, as they are called, have their headquarters in Naples, Vienna, or Buda-Pesth—that is to say, in the three cities where the immoral game flourishes most extensively. Now and again some Italian journalist will lift up his voice in protest against this nefarious institution, but his cry finds no echo in the general conscience of the country. It should be known that among the poorer classes of Italians, and also among the bourgeoisie, every number has a meaning, and those who can read devour with avidity a small pamphlet which is sold in every tobacconist's shop, at every street corner, called "The Book of Dreams." The person who has dreamed, and who remembers his dream next morning, consults this book, and constructs therefrom certain numbers, which he then plays in accordance with certain superstitious rules therein laid down. If any eminent person dies, or any remarkable event occurs, the date, &c., connected with the event are instantly played in the Lotto. Deaths are held especially propitious. And as if this superstition were not gross enough, in the south of the Peninsula it is believed that certain privileged persons know by divine dispensation the numbers that will be extracted. Priests, as a rule, are held to be good clairvoyants, and consequently, as they are greatly in demand,



VENICE IN LONDON: ON THE RIALTO BRIDGE.





THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA. COSSACK PATROL NEAR KAZAN PREVENTING THE PEASANTS LEAVING THEIR VILLAGE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER.





MR. ALEXANDER.

MISS MARIE N. TERRY.

MR. B. B. LEE.

MR. N. C. LEE.

SCENE FROM MR. COMYNS CARR'S NEW PLAY, "FORGIVENESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.



ENGAGING THE PRIMA DONNA.



## OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.



The Right Hon. Thomas George Anson, D.C.L., second Earl of Lichfield, third Viscount Anson and Baron Soberton, died on Jan. 7. He was born Aug. 15, 1825, the eldest son of Thomas William, second Viscount Anson (created Earl of Lichfield in 1831), and was great-grandson of George (Adams) Anson, who inherited the fortune of his uncle, Admiral George Anson, M.P., the famous navigator, and was made Viscount Anson in 1806. The nobleman whose death we record was M.P. for Lichfield from 1817 to 1834, and was in early life *Précis* Writer to Lord Palmerston, and from 1863 to 1871 he filled the office of Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire. He married, April 10, 1855, Lady Harriet Georgiana Louisa Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn, K.G., and leaves issue. The eldest son, Thomas Francis Viscount Anson, now third Earl of Lichfield, is married to Lady Mildred Coke, daughter of the second Earl of Leicester and has several children.

SIR SPENCER CLIFFORD, BART.

Sir Robert Cavenish Spencer Clifford of Westfield, Isle of Wight, died suddenly at his town residence, Rutland House, Knightsbridge, recently. He was born Nov. 3, 1815, the second son of Admiral Sir Augustus William James Clifford, first baronet, by Lady Elizabeth Frances Townshend, his wife, sister of John, fourth Marquis Townshend. Sir Spencer succeeded his brother as third baronet April 11, 1882, and was formerly colonel Grenadier Guards. In 1859 he married Emmanella, only child of Mr. R. Atwell Lowe, a judge in India, and leaves by her three daughters. The baronetcy now devolves on his brother, Charles Cavenish, late M.P. for Isle of Wight, and formerly private secretary to Viscount Palmerston.

SIR ARTHUR RUGGE-PRICE, BART.

Sir Arthur James Rugge-Price, Bart., of Spring Grove, Surrey, died at his town residence, 31, Elmistone Gardens, on Jan. 5. He was born Sept. 22, 1803, the third son of Sir Charles Price, second baronet, by Mary Ann, his wife, daughter of Mr. William King, of King Street, Covent Garden. In 1873 he succeeded his brother as fifth baronet, and the following year assumed, by royal license, the additional surname of Rugge. Sir Arthur married, July 21, 1833, his first cousin, Mary, eldest daughter, of Mr. Richard Price, of The Lawn, and leaves by her, with other issue, Charles, late lieutenant-colonel 3rd Battalion East Surrey Regiment, now sixth baronet.

SIR WILLIAM H. COPE, BART.

The Rev. Sir William Henry Cope, twelfth Baronet of Hanwell, county Oxford, and Branshill, Hants, M.A., late Minor Canon of St. Peter's Westminster, died on Jan. 9, aged eighty. Sir William was born Feb. 27, 1811, the son of Lieutenant-General Edmund Rely Cope. He took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1831, and having entered into holy orders, was appointed Minor Canon of Westminster in 1842. He had previously held a commission in the Rifle Brigade. In 1851 he succeeded his relative, Sir John Cope, in the baronetcy. He married, first, in 1834, Marianne, daughter of Mr. Henry Garnett, of Green Park, Meath, and secondly, in 1865, Harriette Margaret, second daughter of Mr. Robert Jaffray Heantenville, of Monkstown, Dublin, and leaves issue by each wife. The eldest surviving son, now Sir Anthony Cope, late lieutenant-colonel Rifle Brigade, succeeds as thirteenth baronet. The founder of the Cope family was John Cope, M.P., a very important personage in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. Sir Walter Cope, younger brother of the first baronet of Hanwell, was Master of the Court of Wards temp. James I.; he erected Holland House, Kensington, which passed with his daughter to Richard, Earl of Holland.

SIR WILLIAM GIBSON CARMICHAEL, BART.

The Rev. Sir William Henry Gibson Carmichael, tenth Baronet of Skirling, county Peebles, M.A., D.L., whose death is announced, was born Oct. 9, 1827, the youngest son of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, seventh baronet, by his second wife, the Hon. Anna Napier, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his brother in 1855. He married, May 12, 1858, Eleanor Anne, daughter of Mr. David Anderson of St. Germans, and granddaughter of Sir John Nesbitt, Bart., of Desso. He leaves three sons. The eldest, now Sir Thomas David Gibson Carmichael, M.A., was born in 1859, and married, in 1886, Mary, daughter of Mr. Albert Nugent. The Gibsons derive descent from Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie, a famous Scottish lawyer.

MR. CASHEL HOEY, C.M.G.

Mr. John Baptist Cashel Hoey, C.M.G., and Knight of Malta, barrister-at-law, died on Jan. 6 at his residence, 17, Campden Hill Road, aged sixty-three. He was for twenty years Secretary of the Victoria Government Agency. He received his education at St. Patrick's College, Armagh, and at an early age evinced great literary ability. From 1819 to 1857 he edited the *Nation*, and was subsequently sub-editor of the *Dublin Review*. In 1880 he acted as secretary to the London Committee for the Melbourne International Exhibitions, and received the honour of C.M.G. the following year, in recognition of his services rendered to the colony. He married, in 1857, Frances, daughter of Mr. C. B. Johnston, and widow of Mr. Adam Murray Stewart. Mrs. Cashel Hoey, a lady of distinguished ability, is well known as a novelist. Her husband, whom she survives, was highly esteemed for his brilliant contributions to contemporary literature.

THE DOWAGER LADY SANDHURST.

Margaret, Dowager Lady Sandhurst, widow of General Lord Sandhurst, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and you — daughter of the late Mr. Robert Fellowes, of Shotelham Park, Norfolk, died suddenly on Jan. 7, at 29, Park Street, Regent's Park. Her marriage took place Nov. 2, 1871, and her issue consisted of four sons and one daughter. Of the former, the eldest is the present Lord Sandhurst. Her

ladyship, after the death of her husband, took a prominent part in politics and the social movements of the time. She was an active member of the Women's Liberal Federation, and at the election three years since of members of the first London County Council was one of the two ladies returned to that body, but was unseated on petition.

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF BATH.

Harriet, Dowager Marchioness of Bath, died on Jan. 2 at her residence, Muntham Court, Sussex. Her ladyship was born May 3, 1804, the second daughter of Alexander, first Lord Ashburton, by Anne Louisa, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. William Bingham, of Philadelphia. In 1830 she married Henry Frederick, third Marquis of Bath, and had issue, John Alexander, fourth Marquis of Bath, Lord Henry Frederick Thynne, M.P., Lady Louisa Isabella Harriet, wife of the Hon. Percy Feilding, C.B., and Lady Alice Thynne, who died young.

## BERLIOZ'S "FAUST."

The performance of Berlioz's "Faust," given by Sir Charles Hallé at St. James's Hall, on Friday, Jan. 8, has a special interest when one remembers that it was Sir Charles Hallé who first introduced the work into England, at a time when the name of Berlioz was only less refuted than the name of Wagner because it was less known. Since then the musical public of England has learnt to accept both Wagner and Berlioz—it has learnt, at all events, to endure them and to profess an admiration more or less enthusiastic. The house on Friday was really appreciative; it demanded two encores—the Hungarian March, of course, and the serenade of Mephistopheles—and there would have been a third, the ballet of sylphs, had the ladies who applauded, too softly, taken off their gloves. The orchestra and choir were excellent, as any orchestra and any choir would be under Sir Charles Hallé; Mr. Henschel, whose voice lends itself only to a particular kind of rôle, found in Mephistopheles a part for which he is precisely suited; Mrs. Henschel was a sympathetic, but scarcely a sufficiently powerful Margaret; and Mr. Barton McQuinn, in the unfortunate absence of Mr. Edward Lloyd, sang with his usual want of expression.

In the original preface to "La Damnation de Faust," Berlioz defends himself against the charge, certainly an unreasonable one, of having mutilated the "Faust" of Goethe. "The very title of the work," as he remarks, "indicates that it is not based on the principal idea of Goethe, since, in his great poem, Faust is saved." The libretto consists of a series of scenes, put together and partly written by Berlioz himself, with some fragments borrowed from Gérard de Nerval's translation of Goethe. The verse is but indifferent, but the libretto, as a basis for a musical drama, is highly original. What attracted Berlioz in "Faust" was not its philosophical, as with Schumann; not its poetry and romantic charm merely, as with Gounod; but its dramatic possibilities as a fiery interlude in a sort of spiritual passion-play. It was with something of Marlowe's remorselessness that Berlioz hurries his Faust, a sport of the wicked Fates, on that headlong "ride to the abyss," which is really imminent from the first entry of Mephistopheles. And he has gone yet farther than Marlowe, in opening the very gates of hell, and calling forth a chorus of the damned to exult over the victory of evil in a language found in the "Inferno" of Swedenborg. We are far enough from Goethe, certainly, in a region of nightmare which it was the pleasure of Berlioz to haunt—almost as far, in a contrary direction, as in that meadow-land of smiling commonplace where Gounod's "melodious birds sing madrigals."

The music of Berlioz, heard at its best in "Faust"—though for full appreciation one must hear also the "Episode dans la Vie d'un Artiste," the "Roméo et Juliette," the "Enfance de Christ"—has all the disconcerting surprise of Wagner to a conservative musician. There is something feverish, morbid, exciting about it—something almost unholy in its complicated orgies of sound. Berlioz can be exquisitely simple, but with him simplicity is the last attainment of an intricately elaborated art: he requires three military bands to produce an effect of pianissimo. The palette of his orchestration has more cunning combinations of colour than even Wagner's, and he is prodigal of colours. Notice, for instance, in the celebrated setting of the Rakoczy March, conventional for Berlioz—a bid for popularity—the sudden splashes of colour which startle us from time to time before we are fairly blinded by the stupendous blaze of sound at the end. Innovator always, Berlioz was the first to attempt deliberate programme-music (as in the "Episode dans la Vie d'un Artiste"), and many parts of "Faust" are composed with a similarly deliberate aim of tone-painting. There is the adorable ballet of sylphs, for instance, with its magical dew-drop cobweb of harmony; the minut of will-o'-the-wisps, a dance of glittering caprice; the mocking, ironical laughter of the orchestra in the Mephistopheles music; the ride to the abyss, with its fatal monotonous progression, a galloping nightmare. And when all pandemonium opens, and the infernal chorus breaks forth, the music becomes an unspeakable horror: it screams with agony, it buffets us with the sounds of orgy, it exults in the triumph of hell. No doubt it is one of the defects of Berlioz that he cannot be commonplace; like Beethoven, he was "tired of being merely human." And so there is something abnormal about most of his work, and he is never so successful as in scenes where tragedy becomes grotesque, where humanity breaks bounds, where the other world surges into this. He is the musician of the supernatural, of the wicked powers especially, of witches, of madness, of bad dreams, of the lower elements of darkness. Even the lyric passion of Faust and Margaret—as in that great love-duet, with its radiant pulsations of song, its aching intensity—must have Mephistopheles in the background, a note of discord. Berlioz, too, is the only composer who has written really witty music. The scene in the wine-cellar is full of every kind of humour—grotesque, as in Brander's song, acutely fantastic, as in the legend of the flea, absolutely blasphemous in the Amen fugue on the Dead rat. And the whole character of Mephistopheles—a Mephistopheles as Heine rather than Goethe might have created him—is realised for once in music, a feat which one would have declared impossible. But Berlioz had a passion for the impossible, and would certainly have declined to attempt anything which was not at least difficult. So he has become the Heine of music.

A.S.

It has been proposed to present the Bishop of Exeter with a mitre, as a memorial of his return from the East. The Bishop, however, while fully grateful for the kindness which prompted the thought, considers it would not be well for him to accept what would be regarded as a party badge and would grieve some while gratifying others. In his letter upon the subject Dr. Bickersteth adds: "I desire to offer my most grateful thanks alike to the elegance and finery of my diocese for the warm welcomes and expressions of joy which have poured in upon us on every side and by every post during the past week, for the safe return of myself and two members of my family from Japan. The memory of them will always be green and fresh in our hearts."

## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

There are three pictures in the Burlington House Exhibition which, although not first-rate specimens of their respective painters, deserve notice. These are Turner's "Disembarking of Queen Adelaide," Constable's "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," and Müller's "El-Bucks at Goring." All of them are conceived on a large and almost panoramic scale, and display remarkable profusion of colour. Of the last-named work, which bears so strongly the impress of Constable's influence, Müller has written its best judgment: "Left as a sketch for some fool to finish and ruin." Turner's picture—which must have been executed somewhere between the "Calais Sands," his favourite work, now in the National Gallery, and the "Dutch" or "Van Tromp" series—was, we believe, painted on commission for Turner's neighbour, Mr. Charles Borrett, as a companion to the picture of "George IV. Embarking at Kingstown," but it lacks the glory of the setting sun which that work displays, and is only striking by reason of the treatment of the sun's rays on the water. The scene depicted is the landing of Queen Adelaide at Southampton on her return from Malta. Turner had apparently the conviction that the picture was not a success, for it was never publicly exhibited.

Constable's picture, except for the skill with which he has caught the tone of a London sky, is not worthy of his reputation. One is almost inclined to echo Stothard's remark when he was shown this strange and uncongenial work for one accustomed to yellow light filtering through rustling trees: "It looks very unfinished, Sir." Still more might be said to repeat Fuseli's judgment: "Where is my greatest? I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures"—for few would suppose, from the crispness of the air, that the ceremony depicted took place on Waterloo Day, 1817.

In the fourth gallery, among other works by the early Italian masters, are a number from the Earl of Dudley's collection, made in the earlier part of the century by the then Lord Ward, a distinguished virtuoso who lived much in Italy. Although created Earl of Dudley, his title became extinct at his death, and was subsequently revived in favour of a very remote connection some few years back. Hence the supposed willingness of the present owner to disperse the pictures now at Dudley House is intelligible. All the works of this magnificent collection were exhibited in London more than thirty years ago at the Egyptian Hall, the room there now known as the Dudley Gallery obtaining its name on this occasion. Of the pictures to be seen at Burlington House, the majority, if not all, were (pace Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.) exhibited there in 1871. Of these, the most noteworthy is "The Crucifixion" by Raphael, painted, according to Passavant and other competent authorities, earlier than the year 1501, and in direct imitation of Perugino. It was one of the pictures purchased by Lord Ward from Cardinal Fesch's collection, who had obtained it in the same way from the Dominican church at Città di Castello, to which it had been presented by the Gavari family. The adjoining picture of the Virgin and Child is probably by Giacomo Francia, and certainly not by his father, Francesco, as the catalogue suggests; and a similarly treated subject by Andrea di Luigi, formerly belonging to Lord Methuen, is scarcely recognisable under the name now given to its painter. In like manner the "Mass of St. Gregory"—here described as the "Celebration of High Mass"—has long been rejected as the work of Van Eyck, and relegated to some unknown Dutch painter of the latter half of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, Giotto's treatment of "The Last Supper," Carlo Crivelli's "Virgin and Child," with long rows of saints on either side, and a treatment of the same subject by Fra Angelico, and three panel-pictures by Perugino, are beyond all reasonable doubt as to their authenticity, and are worthy of the highest praise as works of art at its most interesting phase. They probably all came from the same source—the collection of Count Biscuzio, which was dispersed about 1825.

Of the remaining pictures in this room the most important is the large picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," attributed to Lucas van Leyden, and lent by the Queen. The foreground and all the accessories of the picture reveal the greatest care and skill, but the two central figures of the Mother and Child are wanting in both grace and interest. In a more apocryphal work, lent by Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P., the "Adoration of the Shepherds," attributed to Giorgione, the figures of the two worshippers alone suggest its authorship; but it is interesting to remark how in both these pictures the worshippers overshadow the object of their worship.

Water-colour painting receives more recognition and patronage at Burlington House when the work of deceased artists than during their lifetime. As usual, however, J. M. W. Turner, who won his grade solely by oil-painting, dominates over all others, and from the collections of Mr. J. E. Taylor and Mr. Henry Vaughan we have a series of most interesting works illustrative of nearly the best period of Turner's water-colour painting. The only apparent aim, however, of the Council on special juxtaposition with John Sell Cotman on the one hand and Peter de Wint on the other; but, although the contributions from Mr. James Teeves and Mr. J. J. Colman's collections abundantly support Cotman's high reputation, P. de Wint is not to be seen to his full advantage, and thus one phase of the development of English landscape art, due to the influence of Turner, is wanting from the present exhibition. On the other hand, William Hunt, the painter of still life, whose labours talents were displayed rather in refinement than in imagination, makes a brilliant show of colour and draughtsmanship. John Thirle, a little-known follower of the Norwich school of painting, and David Cox, who dared to be original, help to make the two rooms devoted to water-colours attractive as well as instructive, but the latter is not seen to any advantage.

Mr. Walter Severn has covered the walls of the Dudley Gallery with some three-score and ten paintings and sketches, illustrative apparently of his wanderings in many lands in search of the picturesque. He has, it is true, seldom left frequented haunts, and for that reason his pictures will admirably serve the purpose of those who wish to have memorials of their travels. Of a faithful transcript of each spot the purchaser may be assured, whether it be a view in Concomara, Gonersey, the Bernese Oberland, or the Riviera—Stone upon stone, and each stone in its place.

But we cannot admit that Mr. Severn fulfils the prior conditions of Landor's theory of proportion—

Unity, mystery, majesty, grace.

He is, in fact, a prose-painter in its strictest sense. Perhaps the most successful of all the works exhibited is that of "British Ironclads to the Rescue"—in which he has for once allowed his imagination to play a part—but in this case, although he conveys the idea of the rush of these iron monsters through the water, no art can invest them with the picturesque which clings to the old "three-deckers" and the wooden walls of Old England.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the magazines which crowd my table week by week, I always welcome the *New York Medical Record*. It is usually so lively in its tone that one almost forgets the proverbial dullness of medical science when engaged in its perusal. Although, possibly, one need not fly to its pages for instruction, seeing that on this side of the Atlantic we ourselves are very much at the fountain-head of what is new and advancing in science, yet our American contemporary is to be welcomed, if only for its amusing comments on men and things. Might I suggest, however, to Dr. Shady, the estimable editor of the *New York Journal*, that before he proceeded to criticise unfavourably my remarks on the hitherto undetermined functions of the tonsils (vide the *Record* for Dec. 19), it might have been well had he taken the trouble to familiarise himself with Dr. Gulland's original paper, to which I referred in these "Jottings" a few weeks ago.

Dr. Shady evidently sees the *Illustrated London News*, and I am therefore glad to number him among my readers. But when he proceeds to charge me with insinuating that the white blood-cells of the tonsils stop every germ we inhale from entering lungs or stomach, it is high time to protest against my American friend's criticism. I said nothing of the kind, as readers of these "Jottings" know. What I did say was that Dr. Gulland had shown that the cord of white blood-cells on the tonsils acted as "a fairly efficient barrier." That it acted as an impassable barrier to germs I never maintained. What the American editor describes (in this sense) as "nonsense" recoils on his own head; and as a critic should first of all be certain of his own data, I may tell Dr. Shady that Dr. Lovell Gulland is not a French investigator, as he seems to think, but an Edinburgh graduate. If the editor of the *Record*, I repeat, would condescend to read Dr. Gulland's original paper, he will find, first of all, that I have only condensed the views of that investigator, and, secondly, that American ideas regarding the functions of the tonsils may undergo some necessary modification and enlightenment. As things are, Dr. Shady should at least learn that it is not usual on this side of the Atlantic first of all to burlesque a writer's words, and then to cut the part of a very zealous critic of the travesty which has thus been ingeniously but unfairly evolved.

A curious observation has been made regarding the fact that water possesses a certain power of dissolving glass. Of course, the action in question may be described as of a very feeble kind, relatively speaking; only it does take place. Recent investigations have been made on this solubility of glass by Herr Pfeiffer. By means of electrical action he was enabled to measure the extent of the dissolving action, and a result of the research was to show that at a temperature of 20 deg. (Centigrade) glass was dissolved to the extent of from one to two millionths of a milligramme. This last is the 0.015 of a grain in English capacity. Infinitesimally small as is the amount of glass thus dissolved, Herr Pfeiffer found that when the temperature is raised arithmetically, the dissolving action is greater than when it is raised geometrically. Later on, when a certain amount of alkali has been dissolved, we are told, the further process includes the dissolving of silicic acid also. It was shown in these researches that the increase of the conductivity of the water for a given kind of glass under similar conditions is characteristic and of uniform nature.

The question put to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with what he mixed his colours, and his repartee, "With brains, Sir!" have, of course, become historic. It would seem, however, as if the inquiry in these latter days deserved a much more scientific reply than that given by the famous artist. For, I suppose, it is matter of fact that to-day artists are rather perturbed in mind over the question of the durability and lasting nature of the pigments they employ. It would indeed be a fatal calamity to art if the colours of valuable pictures are destined to fade and to alter after a lapse of a few years. Our pictures, in that case, will resemble somewhat the love-letters written by a wavering swain, who, in possible fear of a breach-of-promise notion, employed a patent "lover's ink," which was warranted to vanish away and to leave no trace behind in an average period of fourteen days or thereabouts. Artists are perfectly right when they assert that modern chemistry should be equal to the task of providing them with permanent pigments; only it is a very difficult and laborious task, of course, to conduct experiments on paints and colour vehicles. A college of mine on the Gilestist Trust, Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A., of King's College, Cambridge, has for some years been working at the subject of the pigments used by the old masters, and his researches are in course of publication in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. Mr. Laurie's investigations are made public in the shape of the Cantor Lectures, so that those of my readers who are interested in the question of the durability of pigments should consult the periodical in question.

The lemming is a little rat-like animal (like the rat, a member of the *Reudent*, or gnawing, order of quadrupeds) found in Norway. It has always attracted a good deal of attention from the fact that apparently, at periodical intervals, it has been accustomed to migrate in huge swarms from its haunts, and to move in masses in a straight line towards the sea. In its course the lemming-horde crosses lakes and climbs mountains, its numbers being lessened and thinned by the attack of natural enemies and by other means, until only a miserable remnant of the original swarm finds itself at the sea-coast. There nothing further seems to occur by way of explanation of this strange migrating instinct. Naturalists supposed that their habits led them to some former land area or surface, which served as a feeding ground or breeding place; the surface in question having disappeared beneath the waves, while the instinct still exercised its mystical force.

Mr. Dappa-Crotch, I observe, has lately contrived a short article on the lemming and its migrations, in the course of which he denies that the migration is caused by scarcity of food—at least *now*. The young litters also "go singly on the journey, from which none have ever been observed to return." Mr. Dappa-Crotch tells us that they do not follow the water-shed, nor do they migrate always to the west; "but," he adds, "they do go straight." His explanation of the "apparently capricious and suicidal migrations" is that probably they are the result of inherited instinct which formerly may have been of service to the species; but how or why is a matter regarding which we do not seem to have any explanation to offer better than that of the vanished land of promise to which I have already referred. The straight course is probably due to the exercise of the sense of direction common to migrating animals, although we seem to be presented here with an apt illustration of the power of an old instinct, no longer favourable, to decimate a species. Nature is not always a kindly mother to the children of life.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, W. T. PRINCE, Many thanks for your valued contributions. The second edition of No. 2 is ready to hand.

J. F. (Chillingham).—The problem deserves your good opinion.

EMRO (Croydon).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and hope to publish your problem shortly.

J. H. TAMMER (Hoboken).—Thanks; it shall have our careful examination.

J. W. L. (Woolwich).—Will you kindly send your problems on a diagram, when I shall send you attention? This the two-number has been published anywhere previously?

SUSAN (Aberdeen).—We are always glad to hear from you, and now we appreciate our good wishes.

T. B. (Chillingham).—Owing to Christmas arrangements, your notice came too late for publication. If you will send us results, we should be obliged, and any games would be welcome.

E. D. WILSON (Cardiff).—"Chess for Beginners" by H. B. Bird (Dean and Co., Fleet Street), or "Chess" by L. Hoffer (Kilmister).

ED. FLAX (Lyon).—We deeply regret the communication announcing your bereavement.

L. DEAN (Wales).—Thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 287 received from L. Schia (Vienna); No. 288 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken) and L. Schia; No. 289 from W. F. Prince (Woolwich); No. 290 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 291 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 292 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 293 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 294 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 295 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 296 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 297 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 298 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 299 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 300 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 301 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 302 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 303 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 304 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 305 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 306 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 307 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 308 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 309 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 310 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 311 from J. H. Tammer (Hoboken); No. 312 from J. H. 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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1891) of the Right Hon. Henry William, Baron Chylesmore, late of No. 16, Prince's Gate, who died on Oct. 2, at Warsaw, was proved on Jan. 6 by William Meriton, Lord Chylesmore, and Colonel the Hon. Herbert Francis Eaton, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £105,000. Among the specific bequests to his children may be mentioned a silver goblet, which formerly belonged to King Henry VIII., to his daughter Lady George Murray Pratt; two Sevres vases, presented by Louis Philippe to Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, to his daughter the Hon. Miss Frances Louise Eaton; and his coach, with the four horses, to his son Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton. He bequeaths all his estates in and near Coventry or elsewhere in the county of Warwick, White's Club house, and his property in St. James's Street, or any street adjacent thereto, to his eldest son, William Meriton, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. He bequeaths £50,000 to each of his two sons; £10,000 to his daughter Lady George M. Pratt; and £40,000 to his daughter the Hon. Miss F. L. Eaton. If the residue of his real and personal estate, irrespective of 16, Prince's Gate, and his stables near Rutland Gate, is sufficient to pay the legacies and his debts and funeral expenses without selling his picture "The Monarch of the Glen," by Landseer, then he gives the said picture to his son Colonel Eaton; and if the said residue is more than sufficient for the purpose indicated, irrespective of his residence and stables, he wishes it settled in the same way as his Coventry property.

The will (dated May 13, 1889), with six codicils, of Emma Caroline Chapman, late of Tainfield, in the parish of Kingston, Somersetshire, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 31 by Edward George Pyke and Charles Thomas Pyke, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix gives £150 to the Taunton Hospital; and Tainfield, subject to several sums, she charges thereon to General Alfred Augustus Chapman, the nephew of her first husband, General Sir Stephen Remnant Chapman. Five sums of £3800 are to be set aside, one of which she leaves, upon trust, for the widow and children of each of her late brothers, George, Thomas Massingberd, James, and Henry Pyke; and one of the said sums for her niece and nephew, Mary Hill and Henry Hill. There are numerous pecuniary and specific legacies, and the residue of her property she leaves to her said nephews, Edward George Pyke and Charles Thomas Pyke.

The will and codicil of Mr. Henry Ford Barclay, late of Monkham, Woodford, Essex, a member of the firm of Messrs. Garneys, Birkbecks, Barclay, and Buxton, of Norwich and elsewhere, bankers, have been proved by his general executors, Hugh Gurney Barclay, Francis Maltby Bland, and Charles Theodore Barclay, and his special executors appointed for the purpose of administering his share in the bank, Samuel Gurney Buxton and Henry Birkbeck, jun. Mr. Barclay died on Nov. 12 last, and his gross personal estate amounts to £319,747 13s. 9d., exclusive of his marriage settlement of £140,000. The testator bequeaths to his eldest son, Hugh Gurney Barclay, all his furniture, pictures, jewellery, plate, wines, carriages and horses, &c., also £150,000 (his share in the bank capital), subject to certain payments to the general estate. The proceeds of the testator's real estate at Woodford, Essex, and in the Isle of Wight, and the residuary estate—subject to payment of £20,000 to his son, Hugh Gurney Barclay, £20,000 to his widow, and a few

legacies—are to be divided equally among his children (except his successor in the bank).

The will (dated June 20, 1891) of Mrs. Georgiana Sophia Knyton, late of Uphill Castle, Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 30 by Charles Edward Hungerford Athole Colston, Charles Crawley, and Christopher William Baynes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £186,000. The testatrix devises all the messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments which she has power to appoint under the will of Penelope Brice or otherwise, in the counties of Somerset and Devon, or elsewhere in England and Wales, to her cousin Charles Edward Hungerford Athole Colston, and there are specific gifts to him of certain jewellery, plate, pictures, wines, and linen. She gives £500 to the Weston-super-Mare Hospital; certain furniture, plate, linen, pictures, wine, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to be retained as heirlooms, to Reginald Benett Graves, who succeeds to the estates under the will of her late husband, Thomas Taitton Knyton; Lipstone Farm, Worle, Somersetshire, all her Milverton Gas shares, and a piano to her god-daughter, Mary Knyton Graves; £10,000 each to her cousins Amy Rupert Baynes and Lillian Ann Colston; £5000 to her cousin Julia Colston; and to these three consins there are also some specific bequests; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her consins, the said Charles Edward Hungerford Athole Colston.

The will (dated July 24, 1890) of Mr. John Morgan, late of 3, Sussex Place, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on Dec. 30 by John Hammond Morgan, the son, and Lieutenant-General George Towers Hilliard, and George Herbert Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £157,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street) and Charing Cross Hospital; and there are specific bequests of plate, furniture, &c., to his children; and pecuniary legacies to daughters, grandsons, godchildren, servants, and others. He makes up the fortunes of each of his three daughters, Mrs. Emily Ellen Newman, Agnes Morgan, and Edith Harriet Maxwell Morgan, to £30,000; and gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his son, John Hammond Morgan.

The will (dated July 5, 1882), with a codicil (dated Nov. 21, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Lancaster, J.P., late of Bownham House, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Dec. 30 by Joseph Mitchell and John Mitchell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £156,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the London Association in Aid of the Missions of the United Brethren, commonly called the Moravians; £2000 to the London City Mission; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Irish Islands and Coast Society of Dublin, and Stroud Hospital; £300 to the vicar and churchwardens of Amberley Church, Gloucestershire, upon trust, to invest the same, and to apply the dividends in keeping the churchyard clean and in good order, which he had charge of for many years; and very numerous and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his niece, Emma Molyneux.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1890), with a codicil (dated Aug. 19, 1891), of Mr. Theodore Waterhouse, senior partner in the firm of Waterhouse, Winterbotham, and Harrison, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, has just been proved, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator bequeaths fifty guineas each to John Francis Rotton, Q.C.,

Herbert Harly Cozens Hardy, Q.C., M.P., James Anstie, Q.C., Philip Henry Pye Smith, M.D., William Howard Winterbotham, and to every other past or present member of "our Aristotle Club," and he asks each of them to apply the same in the purchase of some small memento of their long friendship and many meetings; £200 to University College Hospital, Gower Street; £8000 to his sister, Mrs. Katharine Redmayne; £5000 Great Western Railway five per cent. stock, or if he does not possess such stock, such sum as will produce £250 per annum, upon trust, to pay the dividends to his sister, Maria Waterhouse, for life, and then to his nephew, Wilson Crowdon; a further sum of £2000 to his last-named sister absolutely; £4000 to his said nephew, Wilson Crowdon; £200 each to his nephew and niece, Paul Waterhouse and Mrs. Mary Monica Bridges; £1000 each to his nieces and nephew, Gwendolen Crowdon, Florence Eliot Waterhouse, and Alysia Theodore Waterhouse; and legacies to other of his nephews and nieces, and to cousins, partners, clerks, housekeeper, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers, Alfred Waterhouse and Edwin Waterhouse, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1870) of Mr. Thomas Constable, J.P., late of Otley, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 24 by Mrs. Elizabeth Constable, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator gives £100 to each of his two sisters, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will of Sir Thomas William Clinton Murdoch, K.C.M.G., late of 88, St. George's Square, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 30 by Charles Stewart Murdoch, the son, and John Charles Lewis Coward, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9498.

The will of the Right Hon. Isabella Catherine Mary, Dowager Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire, late of Charlton, Wilts, who died on June 20, was proved on Dec. 16 by Lady Victoria Margaret Louisa Howard, the daughter, and William Stephens Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3366.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1890) of the Right Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, Baroness Ebury, late of Moor Park, Rickmansworth, Herts, and of 35, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 19 by the Hon. Victoria Charlotte Grosvenor, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £4000. The testatrix, subject to a few legacies, gives the proceeds of the sale of her securities with the balance of her account at her bankers', in equal shares, to her children, Victoria, Albertine, Algernon, and Richard.

Mr. Gladstone has expressed his views about the political conflict between Sweden and Norway—concerning the demand of the Norwegian Storting for a separate Foreign Office for each country and two Ministers of State for Foreign Affairs—in a letter which is published in all Scandinavian newspapers and much commented upon. Mr. Gladstone says that he is not able to give the Norwegian people any advice, although he heartily sympathises with their love of freedom and self-government. He states, however, that he cannot solve the problem of two Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and that he wishes success to everything which tends to a closer union between the smaller States of North-Western Europe.

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## MUSIC.

The Popular Concerts entered upon the second half of the series on Monday, Jan. 11. During the recess St. James's Hall was re-seated, and henceforward visitors will find themselves provided with broad, well-stuffed benches, similar in shape to the old ones, only infinitely more comfortable. In the front row of the balcony the seats are made to tilt up, and but for the necessity of having movable benches that can be quickly and easily taken away for dinners or balls, the body of the hall would have been furnished in the same manner. However, habitués of St. James's Hall are thankful for small blessings, and if only the icy draughts that play about the building in cold weather could be kept outside, instead of being allowed free access to the interior, there would now be little fault to find with the arrangements. The reappearance of Signor Piatti was the principal feature of the concert above referred to. The favourite 'cellist has been enjoying rather a longer rest than usual at his villa on the Lake of Como, and during his sojourn there he has written a sonata—his fourth—for pianoforte and violoncello, which he now introduced to a popular audience, with the co-operation of Miss Fanny Davies. The work consists of three movements—namely, an andante, an intermezzo, and a final allegro, the pervading serene and peaceful character of which fully justify the title of "Sonata Idillica," employed by Signor Piatti. For grace and charm of melody and elegance of technical workmanship, it will take rank with the best of the preceding sonatas, and doubtless it will be repeated at an early date. The composer was heartily applauded, and recalled three times at the conclusion of a brilliant performance of his work. Madame Neruda was the violinist of the evening, her talent shining conspicuously forth in Mozart's divertimento in B flat and Beethoven's D major pianoforte trio, which respectively opened and closed the concert. Miss Davies played as a solo Mendelssohn's cavatina in F sharp minor, Op. 5, and Mr. Brereton sang as the same composer and Handel.

Two very admirable performances of Berlioz's "Faust" were given at St. James's Hall on the evening of Friday, Jan. 8, and the afternoon of the following day, under the direction of Sir Charles Hallé. The first of these formed part of the series of Hallé Orchestral Concerts now in progress in the Metropolitan, and the second was added presumably for the purpose of "killing two birds with one stone," and thereby increasing the profits—or, rather, reducing the losses—of an expensive undertaking. The wisdom of this plan was clearly proved by the largely increased attendance at the afternoon performance, but for all that we have reason to fear that Sir Charles Hallé was heavily out of pocket by the experiment. To bring a choir and orchestra of three hundred performers from Manchester to London, lodge them for the night, and then send them home again, must necessarily be a costly affair. Two full halls would, of course, have recouped the outlay and left something to spare; but, unfortunately, not even so popular a work as Berlioz's "Faust," rendered with an excellence of ensemble and execution hardly to be surpassed, could attract amateurs in sufficient numbers. Sir Charles was naturally disappointed, and doubtless his belief in the convertibility of the London amateur has at last undergone a trifling shock; yet so persevering is he in this matter that we quite expect him to "try again." He has, at any rate, renewed the pleasant experience of 1880, and once more enforced upon us the fact that he and his Manchester musicians are thoroughly acquainted with the spirit as well as the letter of Berlioz's masterpiece. The vocal soloists at both performances were Mrs. Henschel,

Mr. Barton McTear (an able substitute for Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was indisposed), Mr. Robert Hilton, and Mr. Henschel.

Mr. Edward German has a happy gift for writing incidental music that fits in with the dramatic idea and stage action of Shakespearean plays. He demonstrated as much in his music to "Richard III.," and he has certainly not done less well in his music to "Henry VIII.," at the Lyceum. The latter production set him, if anything, the harder task of the two, inasmuch as everything was on a larger scale, and, with so many triumphal marches and dances, there was less opportunity for variety. But the young composer has made the most of every chance. His marches do not resemble each other more than marches can reasonably be expected to, and his dance measures, apart from their old-world elegance and grace, are all in perfect contrast. Moreover, he has written an overture that will live in the concert-room; a solemn interlude (representative of Buckingham's sad, untimely fate) that is a gem of dignified and pathetic melody; a final *cantata* and chorus that impart rare musical importance to the pompous scene of the christening; and, last but by no means least, a setting of the lines "Orpheus with his lute," in the form of a trio for female voices, that is as charming as it is clever and appropriate. Mr. German has orchestrated his music with characteristic taste and fancy, and, as rendered at the Lyceum, it forms one of the most delightful features of Mr. Irving's superb production.

The Liverpool season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which is to last nine weeks, began on Monday, Jan. 4, and so far, has been attended by extraordinary success. Of individual triumphs, the most noticeable have been those of Miss Zélie de Lussan and Mr. E. C. Hedmond, the young Canadian tenor, whose unexpected début in "Lohengrin," at Covent Garden during the recent autumn season, will not have been forgotten. Miss de Lussan is to appear at Liverpool as Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo" and Adina in "The Elixir of Love," two characters which she has not played here before. The English version of "Cavalleria Rusticana," (translated by Mr. F. E. Weatherly) was announced for production on Thursday, Jan. 14, with the following cast—Turiddu, Mr. E. C. Hedmond; Alfio, Mr. Leslie Crotty; Lola, Miss Alice Esty-Lucia; Miss Josephine Yorke; and Santuzza, Madame Georgina Harrn.

We regret to learn that "The Baroque" has failed to draw, and will not be played after Saturday, Jan. 16. The Royal English Opera will perform remain closed for a time, until future plans have been decided upon. Meanwhile Mr. F. H. Cowen is putting the final touches to the new opera, founded upon Ouida's "Signa," which Mr. D'Oyly Carte commissioned him to write for this house, and it will, in all probability, be the next production.

The city of Brussels is becoming a seaport by the river navigation improvements. On Jan. 6 the first vessel of five hundred tons, one built at Newcastle-on-Tyne, entering that port, was greeted with a festive popular welcome. Much larger vessels will be able to come up when the works are completed.

The War Office has ordered large additions to the buildings for the accommodation of troops at Aldershot: barracks to be erected in the North Camp, additional barracks in the South Camp, and the conversion of the Woking prison into barracks, will extend the provision for troops to sixteen battalions of infantry, instead of nine, besides those placed temporarily under canvas.

## GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The appearance at the present time of the late Blanchard Jerrold's *Life of Gustave Doré* (W. H. Allen and Co.) might reasonably be expected to require explanation. All that we are told is that it was written in 1881. Had it then been published it would, at least, have had greater claims upon our attention; but Miss Blanche Roosevelt, in 1883, told us practically all that was interesting to the public concerning this eccentric genius, and a good deal that was not—obtaining, as Mr. Jerrold has done, most of the details of Doré's early life from the old *bonne* Françoise, and his friend of later years, Canon Harford. While unable to endorse all the praise bestowed on him by his two biographers, we admit readily that as a *fantaisiste* and humourist Doré gave proofs of something more than talent and dexterity. His most successful works, and those which will keep his name before the public, are his *Itabelais*, the "Contes Drolatiques," and the like, in which his luxuriant imagination was able to run riot, and justified Théophile Gautier's description of him as a *gamin de génie*. On the joint work of Doré and Blanchard, "London: a Pilgrimage," which was published in 1872, the present volume has naturally more to say than Miss Roosevelt's; but what Mr. Jerrold tells us only adds to our conviction that the scenes which most attracted Doré were those in which life is seen in its most grotesque or its most hideous garb; the reason of his failure as a painter lay in his inability to realise that his fertility as a designer was fatal to the composition of pictures on the scale he painted them, while his versatility prevented him from maintaining constantly before his eyes an ideal at which he was always aiming.

The present volume, however, in addition to the personal recollections of Blanchard Jerrold, contains a number of very characteristic sketches made by Doré at different periods of his life. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is one made by him when a schoolboy at Bourg, which, for variety of attitude and expression, might challenge comparison with masters of mature years. He had at the time already received some rudimentary instruction in drawing, but no lad without real genius could have combined so many probable incidents of school life in so small a sheet. His studies of street life in Bourg show him an equally close observer and skilful draughtsman, while his travesties of the Voyage of Telemachus and the Labours of Hercules point to the humorous, as his "Voyage Infernal" points to the love of the supernatural and grotesquely horrible, qualities which subsequently showed themselves in his illustrations to Dante, Cervantes, and Tennyson.

An extension of the Mersey Tunnel Railway to Bold Street, Liverpool, was opened by the Mayor on Jan. 9, completing the connection with the Midland Railway. On the Cheshire side of the river a connection already exists at Rock Ferry with the London and North-Western and Great Western joint line between Birkenhead and Chester. The entire Mersey system has cost about two-and-a-half millions.

By the death of Colonel Sir R. Spencer Clifford, the office of Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod in the House of Lords becomes vacant. The duties will in future be undertaken by the Lord Chamberlain's secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. H. P. Carrington, whose salary will be raised to £500, with a residence in the Palace of Westminster. This is one of several changes recommended by a Committee in 1888 relating to the salaries of officers of the House of Lords.

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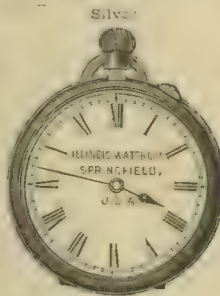
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From C. N. FARMER, Vicar, Silscoo Vicarage, Nov. 25, 1891. "I tried one last night as a medicine, but I could not find it and found it was not the one."

From H. H. LITTLE, Resident Clergyman, South Moor, Chester-le-Street, Nov. 25, 1891. "I am pleased to bear testimony to the value of your pills. In my own case, as helpful to the public speaker, in the case of my little boy, aged five, who has been suffering from bronchitis, and also in the case of one of our school-masters, who has had an attack of INFLUENZA."

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## A CANADIAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

In the gallery of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall, hangs the latest portrait of Mr. Gladstone—a tribute from the Liberals of Canada—which is destined to find a permanent resting-place in the National Liberal Club. Originally the commission was given to Sir John Millais, but this led to a misunderstanding, as the Dominion Liberals were determined that a Canadian portrait should be painted by a Canadian artist. Eventually all difficulties were surmounted, and Mr. John Colin Forbes, who has a high reputation in Canada as a portrait-painter, was entrusted with the task. The picture, which is a full-length and represents Mr. Gladstone in the act of delivering a great speech, has some striking qualities. The attitude is characteristic of the orator at the outset of an address. He is in the midst of an impressive exordium, with one hand extended and the other close to his side, and with that marvellous expression of dignified command which hushes the most tumultuous assembly. To all who have seen Mr. Gladstone at such a moment the portrait cannot fail to commend itself as a faithful likeness.

Mr. Forbes was found the other afternoon modestly listening to the encomiums upon his work. He is still young, very unobtrusive, and carries his Scotch ancestry in good Caledonian character in his face.

"Did you find Mr. Gladstone a good subject?" asked the visitor.

"As a model, you mean," said the artist. "Well, I received from Mr. Gladstone the greatest kindness and courtesy, but I couldn't induce him to sit in the regular way. This portrait is the result of a series of sketches which I made at odd times, mostly when Mr. Gladstone was totally unconscious of my existence. The last occasion was at Newcastle, when he was on the platform. And I don't fancy he was thinking much about me then," added Mr. Forbes, with a smile.

"Then how on earth did you manage?" pursued the visitor, after a further examination of the lifelike expression of the portrait.

"Well, you see, Mr. Gladstone was unable to give me the time which would have been needed for regular sittings. But I was allowed to sit in his study when he was at work in the mornings. And a remarkable sight it was. Mr. Gladstone sat there writing reviews and letters, as if a fortnight's labour had to be crammed into an hour or two. Sometimes he lifted his eyes and glanced in my direction, but he saw me no more than if I had been a piece of furniture. At lunch, though, he was quite a different man, genial, kind, and talkative, asking all manner of questions about Canada, and delighted when I told him that the corruption scandals in our politics had involved only a few persons. Then, it was charming to see him with his grandchildren. The great spirit of the political world seemed to have no thought but the pleasure of the little ones."

Here Mr. Forbes showed us a vigorous sketch of Mr. Gladstone in his study, done in two hours, and now the property of Mr. Armistead. This conveyed a forcible idea of the old statesman when completely immersed in his books, or dashing off a postcard which was to make the fortune of some rising author.

"You have painted distinguished politicians in Canada, Mr. Forbes?" said the inquirer.

"Oh, yes; Sir John Macdonald, who was our Grand Old Man, and Lord Dufferin, when he was Governor-General; Mr. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, and others. By the way, we are in hopes that Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal leader in

the Dominion, and Mr. Mowat will come over to present Mr. Gladstone's portrait to the National Liberal Club on behalf of the donors."

"Have you confined yourself to portrait-painting?"

"Well, I am just off to Dover to make sketches for a sea-picture—shipwrecked people on a raft. That is a subject I know by intimate experience. I was wrecked in the Hibernia many years ago, and if you have the curiosity to look it up you will find in the *Illustrated London News* a sketch I made at the time. We were at sea in an open boat, and all efforts to attract the attention of passing vessels had failed. At last the captain bethought him of the lantern, but all the matches we could find were soaked with sea-water. Then I remembered that before leaving the ship I had cut the portrait of my mother out of its frame, and wrapped it round a little embroidered box for holding matches which my sister had given me. I opened the bundle, and found the matches safe and dry. The lantern was lighted, and—well, it saved us."

"That is a tale of the ocean which many a story-teller will be grateful for."

"I don't know," said Mr. Forbes in his modest way. "But it is the sort of experience which makes me feel that I know the sea pretty well, especially in such stormy times as we have had lately."

With this the artist departed for Dover, leaving an agreeable impression of genuine talent and unassuming manners.

A picture collector in Pesth, a few months ago, bought for a few florins in a second-hand shop a small canvas, which proved to be a genuine Meissonier. It has just been sold in Paris for thirty thousand francs.

The child-king of Spain sleeps, says the *Echo*, under very extraordinary conditions, his chamber being watched and surrounded, all night, by the Monteros de Espinosa, the royal bodyguard. This ancient force is recruited, by a tradition, from amongst natives of the town of Espinosa, who for four hundred years have claimed the privilege of guarding the King's person.

Baron Hirsch has, in an interview with him in Paris, given a promising account of his scheme for Jewish colonisation in South America. The Argentine Government has granted him five millions of acres. Three Jewish colonies are already established in the province of Buenos Ayres. Twenty thousand Jews are to be sent out from Europe this year. Lieutenant-Colonel Goldsmid will speedily arrive to succeed Dr. Löwenthal as director, and fresh grants of land are expected.

Abundant topographical and ethnographical information useful to study the recent aspects of the Central Asia question, with reference to the Pamir region, the Hunza and Nagar folk, and the Gilgit outposts of Kashmir, will be found in the January publication of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. The Russian Colonel Gramscobelsky's explorations, Dr. Leitner's early researches among the Hunza and Nagar people, and the condition of the Derwaz and Karategin territories, are set forth in several authentic treatises, which are illustrated by two accurate maps, drawn specially for this occasion. The other contents of the magazine include some interesting papers read at the late International Oriental Congress, with a facsimile and discussion of the curious Batak-Karo manuscript, brought from Sumatra by M. Jules Claine, seeming to prove that the physiological fact of microbes or bacilli causing epidemic diseases was known among those secluded East-Asiatic tribes nearly two centuries ago.

## THE FOUNDER OF A COLONY.

It is kind of Mr. Hodder to tell us, in his preface\*, who George Fife Angus was, for, although he only died in 1879, not even Macaulay's schoolboy could be expected to know his name. "He was one of the fathers and founders of South Australia; he originated the South Australian Company, the Bank of Australia, the National Provincial Bank of England, and the Union Bank of Australia; he fought the battle of the slaves in Honduras and the Mosquito Coast, and obtained an Act of Parliament for their emancipation; he circumvented a reigning monarch and stayed a despotic religious persecution; his foresight and shrewdness won for Great Britain the possession of New Zealand as a colony," and, in short, he was one of the leaders among the reforming, philanthropist, merchant missionaries who were so marked a feature in the social history of England in the early part of this century.

The life of such a man might have afforded numerous valuable sidelights upon English social history, the rise of South Australia, and the development of banking and the world-commerce. Perhaps it would be unfair to Mr. Hodder to complain that he has given us none of these things. This is essentially a family history, undertaken at the request of "the Hon. J. H. Angus, of Collingrove, Angaston, South Australia." It takes rank as an interesting monument, raised by filial piety to the founder of an influential colonial family, and is necessarily written more from the point of view of the personal development of the venerable merchant himself than of his relation to the social progress of his age. It is, in fact, a "religious biography" of the type with which Mr. Hodder has made us familiar, and it aims, if it has an aim, rather at edification than instruction.

Nevertheless, readers of all kinds will find interesting matter enough in Mr. Angus's career. Some items of his early life in his father's business as a coachbuilder in Newcastle will please the social historian. The details of the cautious and hesitating foundation of the National Provincial Bank and other flourishing institutions will be interesting to those who study banking. Colonists will find a good deal of new matter relative to the early history of Australia and New Zealand, which English historians too would do well to look at. And, finally, the great army of religious households up and down the land will go to Mr. Hodder's book for the record of a life spent from beginning to end in social service, under the guidance of a sincere and daily present religious feeling. This latter is, indeed, the characteristic which Mr. Hodder has made the key-note of his book. Quotations can give no idea of the effect of this constantly recurring note, and we can only recommend the thousands who liked the author's lives of Lord Shaftesbury and Samuel Morley to try him again in his record of George Fife Angus.

The services in Norwich Cathedral are to be held in the nave during the restoration of the three great columns which, with the fourth lately repaired, support the tower. The restoration of the Ethelbert Gate is now complete.

All the colliers in South Wales accepting the sliding scale have resumed work, but members of the National Federation are still not admitted by the employers, consequent upon their refusal individually to sign the contract-book with the sliding scale agreement.

\* *George Fife Angus, Father and Founder of South Australia*, By Edwin Hodder. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

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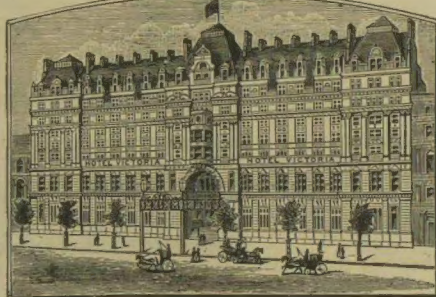
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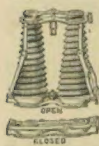
## MISS GORDON CUMMING IN CEYLON.

The title, *Two Happy Years in Ceylon* (W. Blackwood and Sons), is an inviting signal to the reader, who is also prepared to enjoy another book of attractive travels by Miss Gordon Cumming. It relates the delightful experiences which prolonged her stay in "the Isle of Palms," or "the Island of Gems," the nearest approach to an earthly paradise she has visited in her many wanderings around the globe. Besides descriptions of the rich tropical scenery, it contains much instructive matter on the races of people, their customs and religion, the archaeology and history of the island from the time when the "Mahawansa" was written down to the reigns of "King Coffee" and "King Tea." The rule of the coffee-planting interest became at last disastrous; in its early years success attended this industry; ultimately orange-coloured spots were discovered on some of the plants. This proved to be a fungus—the *Hemileia vastatrix*—which spread rapidly, and all the efforts of the planters failed to stop its progress. It utterly destroyed the cultivation, and ruined most of those connected with it. One coffee estate, for which £15,000 had been paid, only realised £40. Those who were able to hold on tried tea, and this has brought another era of prosperity, which seems likely to continue. The climate of Ceylon appears peculiarly well adapted for the tea plant; Ceylon tea has already taken a foremost place in the market. Some kinds realise very high prices. Miss Gordon Cumming states that boxes of tea from particular estates have brought £25, £30, and even £35 per lb. The quantity exported is also surprising; in 1873, 23 lb. only was exported; in 1890 it was 40,000,000 lb., and 1891 was expected to produce

63,000,000 lb. Another source of great benefit to the island recalls to mind a topic of archaeological interest. In former times Ceylon was fertile, rich, and populous. These conditions were the result of a plentiful water supply for irrigation; it was accomplished by the construction of tanks, large artificial lakes. One in the north, at Padirivil, has an area of fifteen miles; the dam is eleven miles long, 200 ft. wide at the bottom, and 70 ft. high in some places; it is faced with steps of squared stone, some of which are 12 ft. long. The Kala-wewa, near Anuradhapura, is the second largest tank in Ceylon, being thirty-two miles in circumference, and the embankment is six miles long. There are numerous tanks in every part of the island, and it was by these that a large food supply was produced in former times. Tanil invasions and other causes led to the neglect of these tanks, and most of the island became jungle, while elephants, tigers, and other wild animals succeeded the human population. Some years ago the Government began to repair these old works, and a great deal has been done already with most successful results. Jungle is being converted again into fields of rice, food of all kinds is becoming plentiful, and human beings are taking the place of beasts. The means which accomplish this at the same time have sanitary influence, by removing swamps and the marshy growth of the jungles. It is evident that there is a great future in store for Ceylon, and it will become in reality "one of the brightest gems in the British Crown." Miss Gordon Cumming, of course, visited Anuradhapura, which was the capital of Ceylon for a thousand years. For centuries it has been deserted, luxuriant vegetation, with from six to fifteen feet of earth, has covered the whole city, and sixteen square miles of ruins are covered with soil and jungle. Among these ruins still stand half-a-dozen dagobas, which are Buddhist monuments or temples; one of these, the

Ruanwelli Dagoba, dates from 161 B.C. Since the Kala-wewa, or Great Tank, has been restored, the people are coming back to Anuradhapura, which may possibly again become a great city. The authoress visited the celebrated shrine on the summit of Adam's Peak, and measured the well-known footprint, the "Sri-pada," so large that she could lie down in it. The Sri-pada, according to the Buddhists, Buddha's foot-print; but Mohammedan tradition says it is the mark of Adam's foot when he stepped down from Paradise. Buddha's tooth, at Kandy, chanced to be exhibited when Miss Gordon Cumming was at that place; a full account of it is here given. We may note that an illustration of the tooth, by our Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, was given in the *Illustrated London News* at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to India. This book, in two volumes, is adorned with plates, from drawings by Miss Gordon Cumming.

Under the name of "The Japan Society," a society is in course of formation for the encouragement of the study of Japanese art, science, and industries; of the commerce and finance, the social life, the literature, the language, history, and folk-lore of the Japanese. Among those who have joined the organising council are Lord de Saumarez, Ernest Satow, Professor W. Anderson, Professor Church; Messrs. Pigott, Gowland, F. A. Satow, East, Okoshi, Gilbertson, Bowes, A. R. Brown, Ernest Hart, M. Huish; and Messrs. Dacey and Goh, honorary secretaries. It is intended that the society shall hold periodical meetings for the reading of papers and for discussion, shall create a library and arrange temporary loan exhibitions, and otherwise promote the objects expressed in the title of the society. Persons interested in Japan may obtain particulars from the honorary secretaries at the Japanese Consulates in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow.



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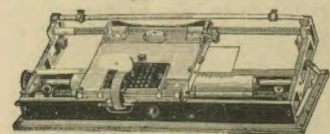
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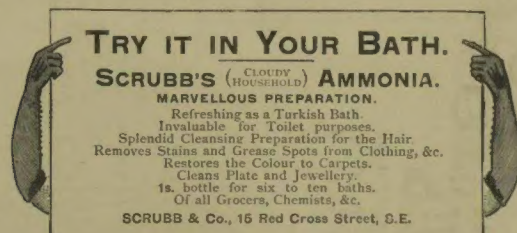
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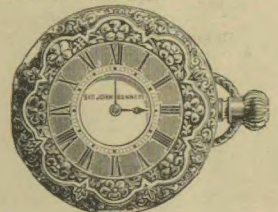
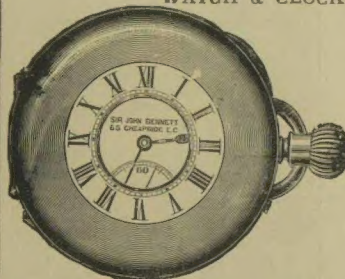
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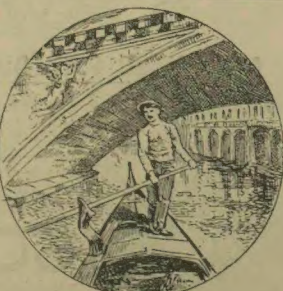
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